

Aug. 10, 1963

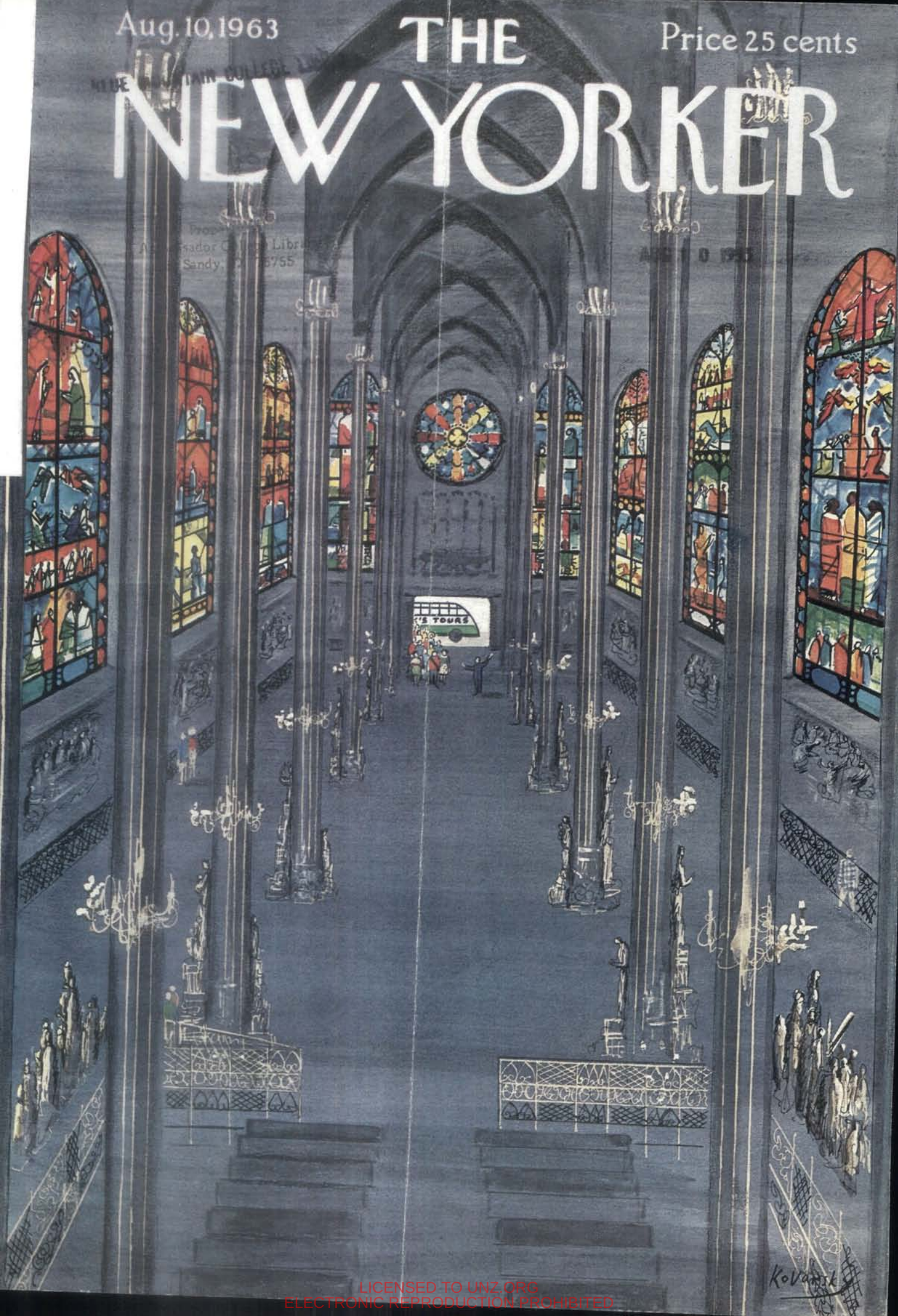
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NEW YORKER

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

ENTER LAUGHING—Joseph Stein's funny adaptation of a novel by Carl Reiner. Alan Arkin is extremely comical as a Jewish boy whose parents want him to be a druggist but who himself wants to be an actor—a profession for which he is totally unprepared. Alan Mowbray, Vivian Blaine, Irving Jacobson, Sylvia Sidney, and Meg Myles are among those in Mr. Arkin's humorous circle. (Henry Miller, 43rd St., E. BR 9-3970. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

NEVER TOO LATE—Paul Ford, Orson Bean, Maureen O'Sullivan, and Fran Sharon in a volatile farce about a sixty-year-old who finds, to his dismay, that he is to become a father for the second time in his life. The play was written by Sumner Arthur Long, who is a good man with dialogue, and directed by George Abbott with his customary authority. (Playhouse, 48th St., E. CI 5-6060. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinees Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

LONG RUNS—BEYOND THE FRINGE: A diversion in which four English comedians—Dr. Jonathan Miller, Alan Bennett, Dudley Moore, and Peter Cook—cock their snooks at everything from the ruling classes to nuclear madness. (Golden, 45th St., W. CI 6-6740. Nightly, except Sundays, at 9. Matinees Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 3.) ... **MARY, MARY:** Biff McGuire, Patricia Smith, and Michael Evans are in this Jean Kerr comedy about an estranged couple trying to repair the marital rift. (Helen Hayes, 46th St., W. CI 6-6380. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.) ... **WHO'S AFRAID OF VIRGINIA WOOLF?** Edward Albee's play exposing the inner workings of a couple of college professors and their wives. The cast at the evening performances consists of Nancy Kelly, Shepperd Strudwick (substituting for Arthur Hill), Ben Piazza, and Rochelle Oliver; for the matinees it is Elaine Stritch, Donald Davis, Bill Berger, and Eileen Fulton. (Billy Rose, 41st St., W. WI 7-5510. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

MUSICALS

OLIVER!—An entertainment based vaguely on Dickens' "Oliver Twist" and having in its favor several fine big production numbers. The book, music, and lyrics were fashioned by Lionel Bart, and Georgia Brown and David Jones are quite competent in the cast. (Imperial, 45th St., W. CO 5-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

SHE LOVES ME—Jack Cassidy, Barbara Cook, Daniel Massey, Barbara Baxley, Ludwig Donath, and the other members of the company perform delightfully in this charming and rather old-fashioned comedy about the employees of a cosmetics shop in Hungary back in the thirties. The songs, by Jerry Bock and Sheldon Harnick, and the dances, by Carol Haney, may not be truly memorable, but they're agreeable. (Eugene O'Neill, 40th St., W. CI 6-8870. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

TOVARICH—This new musical version of the Jacques Deval-Robert E. Sherwood comedy about Russians, White and Red, is handicapped by a book that just doesn't make much sense. However, Vivien Leigh, even if her voice is small, turns in a reputable, even regal, performance as a grand duchess of all the Russias. (Majestic, 44th St., W. CI 6-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

LONG RUNS—A FUNNY THING HAPPENED ON THE WAY TO THE FORUM: Zero Mostel and other zanies doing as the Romans do, or did. (Alvin, 52nd St., W. CI 5-5226. Nightly, except Sundays,



A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

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at 8:30. Matinees Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.) ... **HOW TO SUCCEED IN BUSINESS WITHOUT REALLY TRYING:** About a young man determined to reach the top of the ladder in the business world. Robert Morse is the ambitious youth, and Rudy Vallee is the president of World Wide Wickets, Inc., a citadel of industry. (46th Street Theatre, 46th St., W. CI 6-4271. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.) ... **STOP THE WORLD—I WANT TO GET OFF:** The seven ages of man, or something of the sort, interpreted by Anthony Newley, who owes a large debt to Marcel Marceau. (Shubert, 44th St., W. CI 6-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

OFF BROADWAY

(Confirmation of dates, curtain times, and casts is distinctly advisable.)

THE AMERICAN DREAM and THE ZOO STORY—A pair of Edward Albee revivals. (Cherry Lane Theatre, 38 Commerce St. YU 9-2020. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinees Sundays at 3.)

AMERICAN SAVOYARDS—A season of Gilbert and Sullivan. Thursday and Friday evenings, Aug. 8-9: "Ruddigore." ... Saturday matinee and evening, Aug. 10: "The Pirates of Penzance." ... Sunday matinee and evening, Aug. 11, and Tuesday and Wednesday evenings, Aug. 13-14: "The Mikado." ... Thursday and Friday evenings, Aug. 15-16: "The Gondoliers." ... Saturday matinee and evening, Aug. 17: "Patience." (Jan Hus House, 351 E. 74th St. LE 5-6310. Evenings at 8:40. Matinees at 4.)

BEST FOOT FORWARD—A revival of the 1941 musical. The book, which has to do with a movie

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actress at a prep-school dance, is sappy but cheerful; the songs still sound pleasant; and the boys and girls who play the scholars and their dates are a generally appealing and sporadically talented bunch. With Karin Wolfe, Edmund Gaynes, and Liza Minnelli. (Stage 73, 321 E. 73rd St. BU 8-2500. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10:30; and Sundays at 7:40. Matinees Sundays at 3.)

THE BLACKS—Jean Genet ferries us, by means of symbols, rituals, and masks, into a kind of state of mind—the excruciating state of mind that separates the Negro and the white. The play is too long, but Gene Frankel, despite some excited direction, handles the all-Negro cast well. (St. Marks Playhouse, 133 Second Ave., at St. Marks Pl. OR 4-3530. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinees Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, Sept. 1.)

THE BOYS FROM SYRACUSE—An exhilarating revival. The Rodgers and Hart songs, which include "Falling in Love with Love," "Sing for Your Supper," "This Can't Be Love," and "The Shortest Day of the Year," sound considerably better than new, and they are well sung by an attractive company. The book, in spite of some bright moments, is rather a nuisance but no more pesky than "The Comedy of Errors," on which it is based. (Theatre Four, 424 W. 55th St. LT 1-7877. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinees Sundays at 3.)

BRECHT ON BRECHT—An assortment of scenes, songs, and other fragments from the works of Bertolt Brecht, selected by George Tabori, who also translated most of them. (Sheridan Square Playhouse, 99 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. CH 2-3224. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinees Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, Aug. 18.)

THE BRIG—This dramatization of one day in a U.S. Marine prison is grim and relentless. It is also wholly believable. Judith Malina is the director. (Living Theatre, 530 Sixth Ave., at 14th St. CH 3-4569. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10:30. Matinees Sundays at 3.)

CAGES—Two one-acters with Mercedes McCambridge and Jack Warden. (York Playhouse, First Ave. at 64th St. TR 9-4130. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinees Sundays at 3.)

DESIRE UNDER THE ELMS—José Quintero's production of the O'Neill melodrama is never dull, but it does become so overwrought at times that one almost forgets that the setting is meant to be New England. Betty Miller is the young woman who marries an old farmer and then seduces his son, and Carl Low is the farmer. (Circle in the Square, 150 Bleeker St. GR 3-4590. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10:30. Matinees Sundays at 3.)

THE FANTASTICKS—This musical comedy about a lovesick boy and the lovesick girl next door will be chiefly of interest to those with a large tolerance for whimsy. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleeker St. OR 4-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinees Sundays at 3.)

THE PINTER PLAYS—Sinister and fascinating comedies by the English playwright Harold Pinter. They have in common the theme of mischief, but their settings range from a dank basement in Birmingham to a fussy house in Belgravia. Mr. Pinter's dialogue is a joy to hear. (Provincetown Playhouse, 133 Macdougall St. GR 7-1515. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinees Sundays at 3.)

RIVERWIND—A brisk and unpretentious little musical comedy. The music is the work of a promising newcomer named John Jennings, who wrote the lyrics, too. The comedy is

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

supplied by a cast of seven, who also sing and do whatever acting and dancing are required. The setting is a motel on, of all places, the banks of the Wabash. (Actors Playhouse, 100 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. OR 5-1036. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinees Sundays at 3.)

SIX CHARACTERS IN SEARCH OF AN AUTHOR—A revival of the Pirandello classic about a group of characters who mysteriously appear at a theatrical rehearsal and refuse to leave. The translation, by Paul Avila Mayer, is lively, and the staging, by William Ball, is highly satisfactory. (Martinique Theatre, Broadway at 32nd St. PE 6-3056. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinees Sundays at 3.)

THIS WAS BURLESQUE—The return of Ann Corio, as M.C., star turn, and director of an old-time burlesque show, along with a number of old-time comedians and a line of strip teasers. Much of the material is comic in an earthy kind of way, but it is also awfully gamy for all but the most insensitive palates. (Casino East Theatre, Second Ave. at 12th St. YU 2-6611. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at midnight. Matinees Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2:30.)

MISCELLANY

NEW YORK SHAKESPEARE FESTIVAL—Free performances of "The Winter's Tale," with Salome Jens and Mitchell Ryan. The final production of the season. Previews through Tuesday, Aug. 13. Opens officially on Wednesday, Aug. 14, and will run through Saturday, Aug. 31. (Delacorte Theatre, Central Park near W. 81st St. Nightly at 8:30.)

MERCE CUNNINGHAM—With his dance company. (Philharmonic Hall, Lincoln Center. TR 4-2424. Tuesday, Aug. 13, at 8:30.)

JONES BEACH MARINE THEATRE—"Around the World in 80 Days," a musical with a cast of two hundred headed by Fritz Weaver, Robert Clary, and Elaine Malbin. Presented by Guy Lombardo, who also appears with his Royal Canadians. (Nightly at 8:30; through Sunday, Sept. 1. For tickets, call CA 1-1000.)

NIGHT LIFE

(Some places where you will find music or other entertainment. They are open every evening, except as indicated.)

DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

AMERICANA, Seventh Ave. at 52nd St. (LT 1-1000)—The best musician in the giant Royal Box is easily the anonymous pianist whose airy arabesques are a great help to Betty Madigan, the resolutely arch dinnertime and suppertime soprano. Miss Madigan is second best; third place goes to Carmen Cavallaro, who—backed up by Charlie Fisk's dance band—strikes a hard bargain with his flinty piano. Closed Sundays.

EL MOROCCO, 307 E. 54th St. (PL 2-5079)—Through the looking glass. A certain animation is imparted to the tableau by Freddie Jagels' good little band and Freddy Alonso's Latinists. The alcove called the Champagne Room, intended for immobile types, is gilded by Freddie Fassler's violin, which would a-woogie go at the drop of a lace handkerchief. Closed Sundays.

PIERRE, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-8000)—The Café Pierre, where the only approved forms of athletics are circuspect dancing and circuspect table-hopping, is shared by Stanley Worth's minute band and the guitar of Renato Rossini, which knows the Riviera all the way from the Costa Brava to Sorrento. They give over on Mondays to another band.

PLAZA, Fifth Ave. at 58th St. (PL 9-3000)—*Grande dame* is the manner of Dorothy Sarnoff, who does the arias in the Persian Room. Milt Shaw's reasonably large band and Mark Monte's small one, both of them of the chortling sort, take care of gymnastic diners. Once a night during the week, twice on Fridays and Saturdays is the songbird's regimen; closed Sundays. Except Mondays, Leo LeFleur's duo burbles in the Palm Court from four-fifteen to six-thirty, before doing a reprise in the Edwardian Room be-

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tween seven and nine. The Palm Court is also closed on Sundays.

St. Regis Roof, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—Dinner, supper, dancing, and probably summit conferences a quarter mile above New York, all to the orchestra of Charles Turecamo, a bandsman quite familiar to the summer inhabitants of the Hamptons. Walter Kay's group helps out. Closed Sundays.

WALDORF-ASTORIA, Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000)—Peacock Alley, gradually coming to life again, now affords piano by Cass Harrison from five to eight every night but Sunday. Every Tuesday, Wednesday, and Thursday, Mr. H. (augmented by a trio) dispenses dance music from nine to one.

SMALL AND CHEERFUL

(No dancing, unless noted.)

GOLDIE'S NEW YORK, 244 E. 53rd St. (PL 9-7245): Monday through Thursday is the summer schedule for Goldie Hawkins' urban, though rarely urbane, country club, which is still on the tennis-anyone? basis. The concomitant musicale runs like this: The pensive piano of Sam Hamilton from five-thirty to eight, before his tour of duty at Downstairs at the Upstairs; the romantic piano of Wayne Sanders or Mr. Hawkins from eight until midnight; then busting-out-all-over double piano from the latter two. ... **IN BOBOLI**, 1591 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (TR 9-3777): Eggs Florentine, pasta Florentine, opera Florentine. This last ingredient is provided by Aldo Bruschi (piano, concertina, tenor), whose resolute little opera company lives a Puccini sort of *vie de bohème* every night. He also operates a dance trio after ten Thursdays through Sundays. Closed Mondays. ... **EL CHICO**, 80 Grove St., at Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-4646): An almost incurable case of flamenco, done from the heart. Dancing for the customers, too. Closed Sundays. ... **CHATEAU HENRI IV**, 37 E. 64th St. (RE 7-8818): A sly glance at the French chateau country. Paul Gurevich is at the moment the perambulating violinist. No music Sundays. ... **KING HENRI IV**, 142 E. 53rd St. (PL 2-5566): Another of King Henri's real-estate deals, likewise decorated in a fashion that is full of the oddest bodkins. From throne room to pavilion and back again, George Cardini circumnavigates with his viva-voce fiddle. No music Sundays. ... **RITZ BAR**, Madison Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-3000): On the flight deck of the bar in the Carlton House, Victor del Monte addresses his piano in measured tones between cocktails and one in the morning. No music Sundays. ... **WAVELY LOUNGE**, 103 Waverly Pl. (AL 4-0776): In the unassuming bar of the Hotel Earle, after nine every night but Monday, Laurie Brewis, a sentimental gentleman, applies his piano to the London airs he

brought over the ocean with him and to the tunes he's picked up in this country. ... **ROMA DI NOTTE**, 1528 Second Ave., at 79th St. (RE 4-3443): *Die Wacht am Tiber*, conducted (with considerable pomp and circumstance) from one of the Seven Hills. A set of jolly street musicians marches up the hill and down from six until two, and so does the chef. Closed Sundays. ... **DRAKE ROOM**, 71 E. 56th St. (PL 5-0600): One end of the bower is presided over by a flourishing green bay tree, and the other by Cy Walter, who has an even-tempered clavichord at the tips of his eloquent fingers. His music is on tap at cocktails, dinner, and supper, though not on Sundays. ... **MEDITERRANÉE**, 575 Park Ave., at 63rd St. (TE 8-6130): There's many a fish (edible) in this private ocean, on the rim of which sits Ralph Strain's piano. His odes to nocturnal ambience occur between six and one every evening but Saturday. ... **CAFÉ RENAISSANCE**, 338 E. 49th St. (PL 1-3160): The leisurely dinner hour, from eight to one, gets marginal notations by the guitar of José Luis Franco, who comes from the part of Spain where flamenco is the official language. Mondays are silent nights. ... **CHUCKS' COMPOSITE**, 303 E. 53rd St. (EL 5-8825): An emotional, and social, outlet for youngsters who are engaged in a couple of the performing arts. Sort of ranch-house in mood and diet, and urged on by a clearly enunciating jazz trio from time to time. Sundays, a piano is the whole music department. ... **REGENCY**, Park Ave. at 61st St. (PL 9-4100): In the Regency Room lounge, Rack Godwin devotes the hours between five-thirty and twelve-thirty every evening but Monday to the construction of his own special fugues for piano.

BIG AND BRASSY

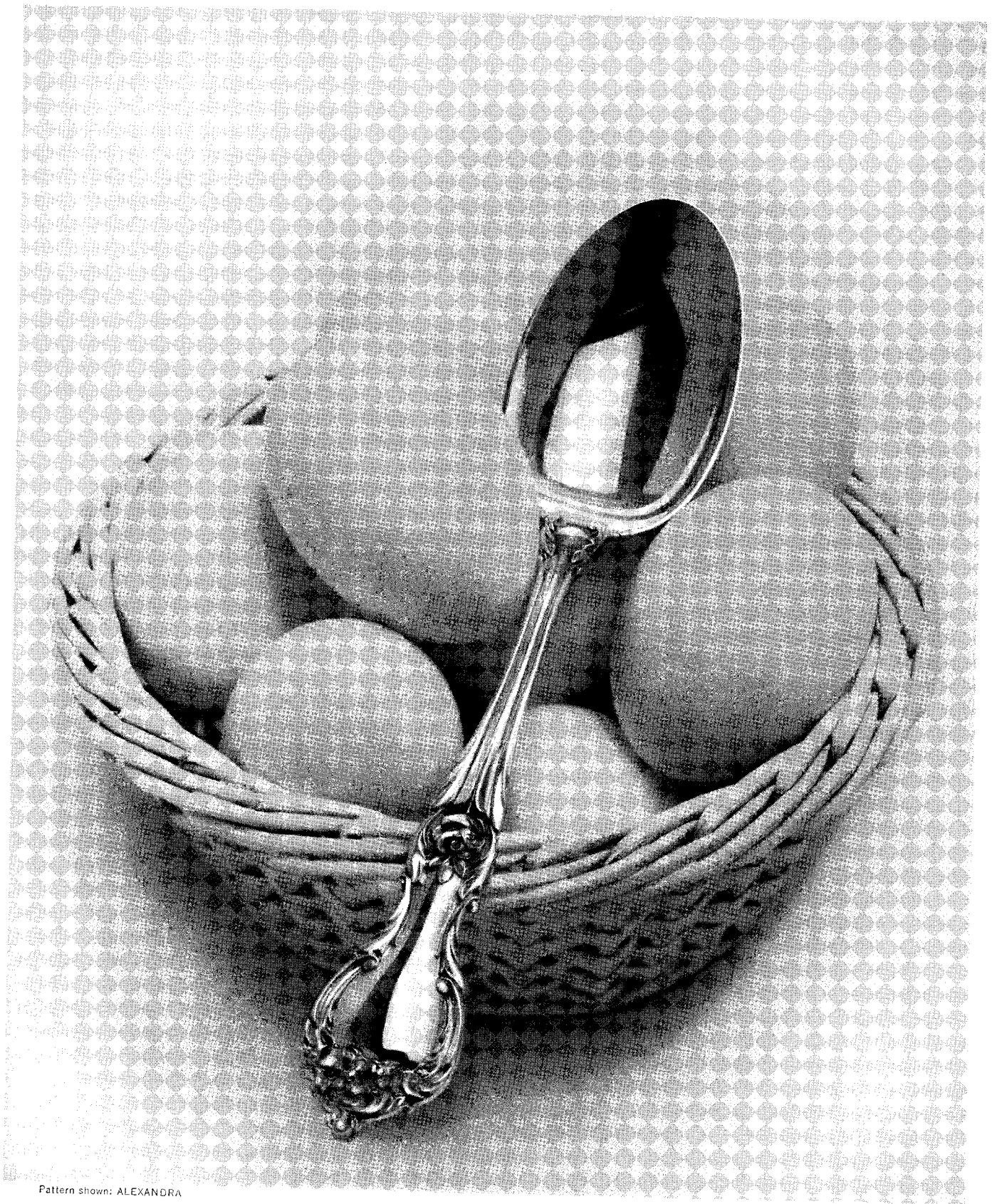
LATIN QUARTER, Broadway at 48th St. (CI 6-1735): Three dozen nudes (or the next thing to it) descending the staircase of paradise enow to bring an ample supply of beauty into all our wan lives. The best of the at-risk-of-life-and-limb European variety acts that through the establishment are the ballet suites of the gracie François Szony and Nancy Claire, who have devised a space project all their own; the other added starters are Dominique, a Raffles who can make a clean sweep of the pockets of anyone willing to join him onstage, plus a wit in the file-and-forget category. Dancing.

CABARETS

(No dancing, and no formal dining, either, unless indicated.)

PLAZA 9, Central Park S., just east of the Plaza Hotel door. (PL 9-3933): Investigating the theorem that all life's a stage, Julius Monk's revue ("Dime a Dozen" is the name) discovers, to its and the audience's infinite merriment, that life is really a theatre of the absurd. The A-for-effectiveness propounders of its findings are Gerry Matthews, Jane Connell, Gordon Connell, Carol Morley, Rex Robbins, and Susan Browning; the orchestra is two pianos most properly plied by William Roy and Robert Colston; the intermission pianist is Carl Norman. The work program is twice a night every evening but Sunday. ... **SECOND CITY AT SQUARE EAST**, 15 W. 4th St., which is east of Washington Square. (AL 4-0480): No rose-colored glasses adorn a revue that is a veritable mother of invention. It enlists the valuable services of Andrew Duncan, Anthony Holland, Paul Dooley, Bob Dishy, MacIntyre Dixon, and Barbara Harris. Tom O'Horgan's incidental music occurs largely on his own harp. The charades start at eight-thirty and eleven, except on Saturdays, when there is a third showing, at twelve-thirty, and on Sundays, when there's only an eight-thirty showing. Mondays, darkness prevails. ... **THE PREMISE**, 154 Bleecker St. (LF 3-5020): More in anger than in sorrow is frequently the attitude of the crew of mimes who fill the small stage with a rough-and-ready symposium on Whither America. Their resultant revue operates Tuesdays through Thursdays at nine, Fridays at eight and ten-thirty, Saturdays at seven-thirty and ten-thirty, and Sundays at three and eight-thirty. ... **UPSTAIRS AT THE DOWNSTAIRS**, 37 W. 56th St. (JU 2-1244): The entertainment is a





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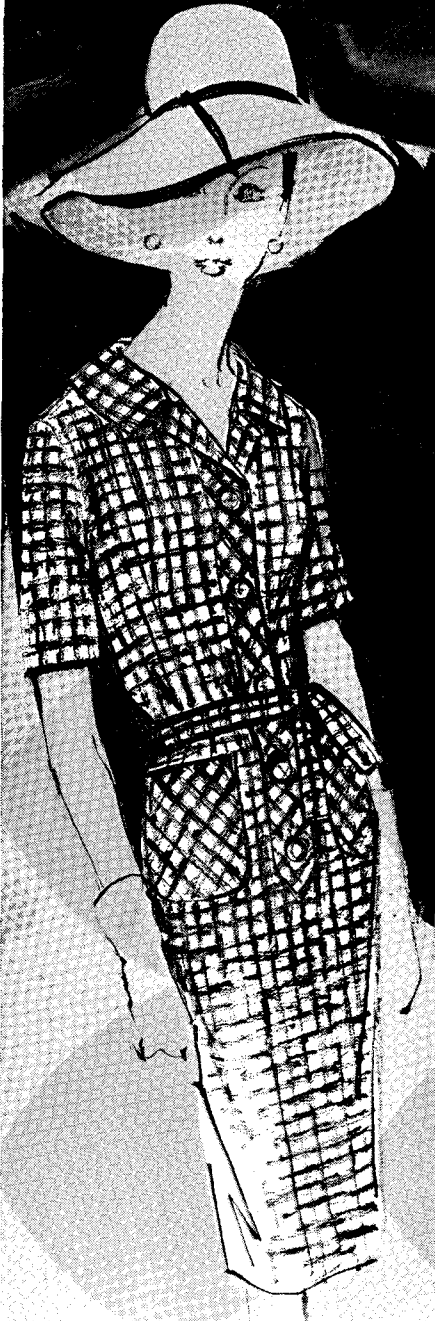
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

pulsing musical comedy that casts new (and heaven-help-us-if-true) light on the American heroine, here presented as a girl whose favorite dish is the psyche of any intending mate. This dragonfly is enacted by a luxurious creation called Barbara Quaney, and her supporting cast of thousands is enacted briskly and brightly by David Rounds, Jon Stone, and George Coe. The authors of this willful witicism are David Axlerod and Tom Whedon, the composer is Sam Pottle, the director is Ronny Graham. Twice a night is the rule; no work Sundays.... In the **DOWNSTAIRS**, there is Mabel Mercer, patron saint of the *chanson d'amour*, which she has raised from mere infancy to a fine art. Sam Hamilton is her pianist. Ten-thirty is their hour of arrival. Closed Sundays.... **CHATEAU MADRID**, 42 W. 58th St. (PL 3-3773): An invincibly flamenco troupe (Los Duendos Gitanos), prancing under the eye of Pedro Vargas, a balladeer of a passion polished yet pagan, is determined to die with its ballet boots on. The customers, no slouches at footwork, are given equal time on the dance floor by a band, led by Emilio Reyes, that dines exclusively on gingersnaps. The Sunday *thés dansants*, which run on and on, are bacchanalian.... Off the bar is an alcove so tiny that thirty's a matey crowd, and herein flamenco songs by José Moreno and flamenco guitar by Pedro Cortes thrive abundantly after ten.... **ONE SHERIDAN SQUARE**, W. 4th St. and Washington Pl. (YU 9-1334): This laissez-faire theatre café is dedicated to a comprehensive in-memoriam concert, "The World of Kurt Weill in Song." Its personnel—Will Holt, in his time perhaps the most skillful parodist of the Weilly ways, and Martha Schlamme, a wholly-in-earnest devotee of Mr. W.—go to work Tuesdays through Saturdays at eight-thirty and ten-thirty, and Sundays at three and eight-thirty.... **LIVING ROOM**, 915 Second Ave., at 49th St. (EL 5-2262): That offhand Meistersinger Matt Dennis ends his pleasurable and annual tour of duty in our town on Sunday, Aug. 11, removing his upsy-daisy piano and his perky soprano, Ginny (i.e., Mrs. D.), along with him.

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(No dancing, unless noted.)

VILLAGE VANGUARD, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (CH 2-9355): Clark Terry, ancient of days that are still valid, has a quintet involving Seldon Powell, a tenor-sax man not often heard around here in person; real primitivism is personified by Dave Van Ronk's Ragtime Jug Stompers. There's also an afternoon session on Sundays, from four-thirty to seven. Closed Mondays.... **BASIN STREET EAST**, 137 E. 48th St. (PL 2-4444): Just Fridays and Saturdays is the hot-weather timetable. On Friday and Saturday, Aug. 9-10, Duke Ellington, who modestly never plays nearly enough piano, and his big band (Harry Carney, Johnny Hodges, Cootie Williams, and Lawrence Brown are among its eminences) will do their involute orchestrations; Ahmad Jamal's trio will make the new-school jazz over into rock candy.... **VILLAGE GATE**, 185 Thompson St., at Bleecker St. (GR 5-5120): Departing on Sunday, Aug. 11: Herbie Mann's sextet (in, as usual, a transitional stage), Roland Kirk's quartet (music of today), and Casey Anderson and the Realists, whose vocation is folk art. Arriving on Tuesday, Aug. 13: The quartet belonging to Coleman Hawkins, that enduring legend, and the triad of mop-and-hop singers called Lambert, Hendricks & Bavan. Thursday, Friday, and Saturday (Aug. 15-17), this galaxy will be enhanced by the fivesome of Charlie Mingus, rebel with a dozen causes. Mondays are outsiders' nights.... **BITTER END**, 147 Bleecker St., at West Broadway. (GR 5-7804): The *Kaffee-klatsch* here depends on real coffee and nothing else. The sounds, which are predominantly folk, are made (with both eloquence and élan) by Mike Settle (delegate from Oklahoma) and Juan Serrano (delegate from Andalusia). Their last stand is Monday, Aug. 12; on Wednesday, Aug. 14, Leon Bibb (folk airs from gutbucket to Gershwin) will move in. Tuesdays, the regulars are always off duty.... **NICK'S**, Seventh Ave. S. at 10th St. (CH 2-6683): Sol Yaged and a couple of pals,

one of them Dick Wellstood, are keeping this Old Schoolhouse wide open. Closed Sundays.... **METROPOLE**, Seventh Ave. at 48th St. (CI 5-0088): "Assault" and "battery" are the sole notations on the musicians' manuscripts, when there *are* any manuscripts. Rocking and rolling is the music early in the evening; Maynard Ferguson's band, which suffers from palpitations of the horn, takes over later. On Friday, Aug. 9, Woody Herman's present Herd replaces it. Guest performers pick up the instruments (those not too hot to handle) on Sundays.... **BIRLAND**, 1678 Broadway, at 52nd St. (JU 6-7333): Dizzy Gillespie, whose homemade horn is a very special sort of squawk box, is the leading player and speaker. His quintet and Ramsey Lewis's trio share the bandstand. On Thursday, Aug. 15, a new cast takes charge—Gerry Mulligan and his fourteen-man cult of blow-hards, plus Art Blakey and his overheated Jazz Messengers. Extracurricular sessions Mondays, when other hands take over.... **HALF NOTE**, 289 Hudson St., near Spring St. (AL 5-9752): A neighborly bar whose denizens, all believers in furthering progress, generally keep looking for new sound barriers to scale. A quintet run by Zoot Sims and Al Cohn is now in the gymnasium. In its stead, on Tuesday, Aug. 13, a mighty gem of antiquity, Ben Webster, will be happily restored to the public eye and ear, along with his quartet. Closed Mondays.... **FIVE SPOT**, 2 St. Marks Pl., just east of Third Ave. (GR 7-9650): Experimental research is the project here. The staff is subject to graduation without notice, but it is reputed (repeat reputed) Thelonious Monk, a venerable and celebrated splinter group, is at work with a handful of acolytes. Mondays are for visiting artists.... **THE EMBERS**, 161 E. 54th St. (PL 9-3228): Tyree Glenn's extrovert horn, which is apt to walk on the sweet side, dominates his quartet. Closed Sundays.... **HICKORY HOUSE**, 144 W. 52nd St. (CI 7-9524): Martial Solal, the most valuable French import since the arrival of Bernard Peiffer, brings his protean piano recitals (bass and tympani rustle in the background) to an end on Sunday, Aug. 11. He'll be succeeded (on Tuesday, Aug. 13) by a brand-new trio, forward in concept, under the ownership of Howard Reynolds, a progressive pianist of considerable dexterity himself. No action Mondays.... **JIMMY RYAN'S**, 154 W. 54th St. (CO 5-9505): The little gray home in the west of 52nd Street, where so many of us were brought up, is offering—on a new site—the same sort of courses (Cliff Jackson's piano all week long, plus Danny Barker's trio Fridays and Saturdays) as before. No music Sundays.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Mondays through Fridays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES

LYNN CHADWICK, HENRY MOORE, AND JACK ZAJAC—Sculptures and drawings; through Thursday, Aug. 15. (Knodler, 14 E. 57th St.)
AMERICANS; GROUP SHOWS—At the **KRAUSHAAR**, 1055 Madison Ave., at 80th St.: Drawings and sculptures by Leonard DeLonga, Robert Laurent, Tom Hardy, and Humbert Albriizio; through Sept. 6.... **LEWISON**, 50 E. 76th St.: Paintings by Ralph Blakelock, George Inness, George Luks, and others, plus sculptures by Maurice Glickman; through Friday, Aug. 9. (Mondays through Fridays, 11:30 to 5:30.)... **MIDTOWN**, 11 E. 57th St.: Paintings by such artists as William Palmer, Siegfried Reinhardt, and Jason Schoener; through Aug. 30.... **SALPETER**, 42 E. 57th St.: Participants in a showing of drawings and water colors include August Mosca, Jacques Hnizdovsky, and Raphael Soyer; through Aug. 30. (Closed Mondays.)... **SCHWEITZER**, 958 Madison Ave., at 75th St.: Childe Hassam, Albert P. Ryder, and John Singer Sargent are three of the artists represented in a display of turn-of-the-century paintings; through Aug. 30.
AMERICANS AND EUROPEANS; GROUP SHOWS—At the **AMERICAN FEDERATION OF ARTS**, 41 E. 65th St.: A showing of paintings and sculptures lent by Mr. and Mrs. Allan Emil. The paintings range from Monet to Marin and the sculp-



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

tures from Cycladic pieces to Chadwick. Through Aug. 30. . . . **GALLERY 63**, 721 Madison Ave., at 63rd St.: Paintings by the gallery artists, including Fausto Pirandello, Stefano Cusumano, and Philip Evergood; through Aug. 30. . . . **BERTHA SCHAEFER**, 32 E. 57th St.: Will Barnet, Tadé, Joseph Konzal, and other painters and sculptors; through Sept. 13. . . . **WORLD HOUSE**, 987 Madison Ave., at 77th St.: Paintings and sculptures by (for instance) Jannis Spyropoulos, Earl Kerkam, and Bernard Reder; through Sept. 21.

EUROPEANS; GROUP SHOWS—At the **BIANCHINI**, 16 E. 78th St.: Works in a variety of mediums by André François, Gérard Koch, and Ronald Searle (to name a few); through Sept. 6. (Mondays through Fridays, 1 to 6.) . . . **FINDLAY**, 11 E. 57th St.: Oils by Roger Mühl, Maurice Brianchon, Gabriel Godard, and other School of Paris artists; through Aug. 30. . . . **WILDENSTEIN**, 19 E. 64th St.: Contemporary paintings and sculptures by leading exponents of figurative art in France, among them Bernard Buffet, Bernard Lorjou, and Paul Belmondo; through Aug. 30.

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

METROPOLITAN MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—A loan exhibition of paintings from private New York collections, composed chiefly of French Impressionist and Post-Impressionist pictures by Renoir, Monet, van Gogh, and others; through Sept. 2. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays 1 to 5.)

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 11 W. 53rd St.—Sculptures (bronze, marble, terra cotta, and plaster), drawings, water colors, and prints dating from 1863 to 1917, by Auguste Rodin; through Sept. 8. . . . "Americans 1963," a fifteen-artist exhibit of paintings and sculptures. Among those represented are David Simpson, Chryssa, and Michael Lekakis. Through Aug. 18. . . . Recently acquired drawings by forty-six American and European artists, including Henry Moore, Jules Pascin, and Henri Matisse; through Sept. 30. . . . Paintings, drawings, and prints by André Derain (1880-1954); through Oct. 1. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9; Sundays, noon to 7.)

BROOKLYN MUSEUM, Eastern Parkway—Eleven Spanish old-master paintings, by (for example) El Greco, Goya, and Murillo, from the collection of the late Oscar B. Cintas; through Nov. 3. . . . Prints and drawings (1948-63) by John Paul Jones; through Aug. 25. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

ASIA HOUSE, 112 E. 64th St.—Contemporary Japanese calligraphy; through Aug. 30. (Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 4.)

SOLOMON R. GUGGENHEIM MUSEUM, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—"Cézanne and Structure in Modern Painting," comprising Cézannes borrowed from six private collections, supplemented by works (from the Museum's collection) of artists influenced by him—Braque, Gleizes, Mondrian, and Picasso, to mention a few; through Sept. 1. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9; Sundays, noon to 6.)

MUSEUM OF CONTEMPORARY CRAFTS, 29 W. 53rd St.—"Emergence: Student-Craftsmen," examples of work from six representative schools; through Sept. 8. (Weekdays, noon to 6; Sundays, 2 to 6.)

MUSEUM OF PRIMITIVE ART, 15 W. 54th St.—The collection assembled by Robert and Lisa Sainsbury, of London, made up of items from around the world—Greece, Mexico, the Hawaiian Islands, Oceania, Benin, Alaska, and so on; through Sept. 8. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

WHITNEY MUSEUM, 22 W. 54th St.—"Twenty-six American Artists from the Collections of the Whitney Museum and Its Friends," an exhibition of paintings and sculptures by Charles Burchfield, Jackson Pollock, Alexander Calder, and others; through Sept. 8. (Daily, 1 to 5.)

MUSIC

(The box-office number for Philharmonic Hall is TR 4-2424.)

LEWISOHN STADIUM CONCERTS—Final performances of the season by the Stadium Symphony Or-

chestra—Thursday, Aug. 8, at 8:30: William Walton conducting a program of his own works, with Berl Senofsky, violin. . . . Saturday, Aug. 10, at 8:30: Salvatore Dell'Isola conducting a Rodgers and Hammerstein program, with Bonnie Murray, soprano; Joanna Simon, mezzo-soprano; Frank Porretta, tenor; and Jack Russell, baritone. (Lewisoohn Stadium, Amsterdam Ave. at 138th St. AD 4-5800. Tickets are also available at the Judson Hall box office, 165 W. 57th St. JU 2-4090. In the event of threatening weather, last-minute plans are broadcast at 5, 6, and 7 P.M. over WNYC and at 7:06 P.M. over WQXR.)

GARY GRAFFMAN—Piano, in a program of Russian music. (Philharmonic Hall, Lincoln Center. Monday, Aug. 12, at 8:30.)

JUILLIARD STRING QUARTET—In the second in a series of three Bartók-Beethoven programs. (Philharmonic Hall, Lincoln Center. Wednesday, Aug. 14, at 8:30.)

CENTRAL PARK MALL CONCERTS—Richard Franko Goldman conducting the Goldman Band in this summer's series of Guggenheim Memorial Concerts. (Sundays, Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays at 8:30; through Friday, Aug. 16.) . . . Julius Grossman conducting the Municipal Concerts Orchestra, with Nicola Lombardo, tenor. The second in a series of four weekly concerts. (Saturday, Aug. 10, at 8:30.)

CARL SCHURZ PARK CONCERTS—The last two in a series of weekly concerts. Thursday, Aug. 8, at 8:30: Richard Korn conducting the Orchestra of America. . . . Thursday, Aug. 15, at 8:30: Warner Bass conducting a symphony orchestra, with Jane Birkhead, soprano, and Robert Rudic, violin. (In the event of rain, the concerts will be given in the Robert F. Wagner Junior High School, 222 E. 76th St.)

CHAMBER MUSIC IN WASHINGTON SQUARE—Robert Hickok conducting a chamber orchestra in an all-Mozart program, with Marvin Hayes, bass; Gerald Tarack, violin; Harry Zaratzian, viola; and Henry Schumann, oboe. The first in a series of three weekly concerts. (Monday, Aug. 12, at 9. In the event of rain, the concert will take place in the Eisner and Lubin Auditorium, Loeb Student Center, Washington Sq. S. and West Broadway.)

JAZZ CONCERTS—Thursday, Aug. 8, at 8:30: Budd Johnson's sextet and Ben Webster's quartet. . . . Thursday, Aug. 15, at 8:30: Oliver Nelson's band and Benny Golson's quartet. (Philharmonic Hall, Lincoln Center.)

IN THE COUNTRY

BERKSHIRE FESTIVAL—Friday, Aug. 9, at 8: Eugene Ormandy conducting the Boston Symphony; no soloists. . . . Saturday, Aug. 10, at 8: Erich Leinsdorf conducting, with Jeanette Scovotti, soprano; June Genovese, contralto; Patricia Peardon, narrator; Joseph Silverstein, violin; and Samuel Mayes, cello. . . . Sunday, Aug. 11, at 2:30: Erich Leinsdorf conducting, with Jorge Bolet, piano. . . . Tuesday, Aug. 13, at 8: A chamber-music concert by the Juilliard String Quartet. . . . Friday, Aug. 16, at 8: Richard Burgin conducting the Boston Symphony, with Lorin Hollander, piano. . . . Saturday, Aug. 17, at 8: Eugene Ormandy conducting; no soloists. . . . Sunday, Aug. 18, at 2:30: Erich Leinsdorf conducting, with John Browning, piano. (Tanglewood, Lenox, Mass. Through Sunday, Aug. 25.)

BERKSHIRE MUSIC BARN—Folk and jazz concerts—Saturday, Aug. 10, at 3:30: The Weavers. . . . Sunday, Aug. 11, at 8:30: Duke Ellington's orchestra. . . . Saturday, Aug. 17, at 3:30: Carlos Montoya. . . . Sunday, Aug. 18, at 8:30: George Shearing's quintet. (Lenox, Mass.)

NOTE—JACOB'S PILLOW DANCE FESTIVAL: Programs of ballet and modern and ethnic dancing. Through Saturday, Aug. 10: Inge Sand and Fredbjørn Bjørnsson, the Alvin Ailey Dance Theatre, and Carola Goya and Matteo. . . . Tuesday through Saturday, Aug. 13-17: Stars and soloists of the Opera in Paris, including Claude Bessy and Attilio Labis, appearing in this country for the first time. (Lee, Mass. Evenings at 8:40. Matinees Fridays and Saturdays at 3.) . . . **AMERICAN DANCE FESTIVAL** (final performances of the sea-



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son): Saturday, Aug. 10, at 8:30: Paul Taylor and his company. . . . Thursday, Aug. 15, at 8:30: José Limón and Ruth Currier with their companies. . . . Friday, Aug. 16, at 8:30: Merce Cunningham and his company. . . . Saturday, Aug. 17, at 8:30: José Limón and his company. . . . Sunday, Aug. 18, at 3: Lucas Hoving, Donald McKayle, and Paul Taylor with their companies. (Palmer Auditorium, Connecticut College, New London, Conn.)

SPORTS

BASEBALL—At the Polo Grounds—Mets vs. St. Louis, Thursday, Aug. 8, at 2. . . . Mets vs. Chicago, Friday, Aug. 9, at 8; Saturday, Aug. 10, at 2; and Sunday, Aug. 11, at 2 (doubleheader). . . . Mets vs. Pittsburgh, Tuesday, Aug. 13, at 8, and Wednesday, Aug. 14, at 2. . . . Mets vs. Los Angeles, Friday, Aug. 16, at 8, and Saturday, Aug. 17, at 2.

GOLF—Metropolitan Golf Association Amateur Championship. (Nassau Country Club, Glen Cove, Thursday through Sunday, Aug. 8-11.) . . . U.S.G.A. Girls' Junior Championship. (Wolfert's Roost Country Club, Albany, Monday through Friday, Aug. 12-16.)

HORSE SHOW—Litchfield Horse Show. (Litchfield, Conn. Saturday, Aug. 10.)

POLO—Sundays at 3:30—At BLIND BROOK POLO CLUB, Purchase. . . . BETHPAGE POLO FIELDS, Farmingdale, L.I.

RACING—At SARATOGA: Weekdays at 2; through Saturday, Aug. 24. The Alabama, Saturday, Aug. 10; the Saratoga Special, Monday, Aug. 12; and the Travers, Saturday, Aug. 17. . . . ATLANTIC CITY, Mays Landing, N.J.: Weekdays at 2; through Tuesday, Oct. 1. (A train leaves Penn Station at 9:30 and connects with a train for the track at North Philadelphia. Buses to the track leave the terminal at 201 W. 41st St. between 9:30 and 11:30.) . . . LAUREL-PIMLICO, Laurel, Md.: Weekdays at 2; through Saturday, Aug. 24.

SOCCER—International Soccer League: West Ham vs. Dukla. Final game of the American Challenge Cup series. (Downing Stadium, Randalls Island, Sunday, Aug. 11, at 4.)

TENNIS—Men's Invitation Tournament. (Newport Casino Lawn Tennis Club, Newport, R.I. Monday through Sunday, Aug. 12-18.)

TROTTING—At YONKERS RACEWAY: Weekdays at 8:15; through Monday, Sept. 23. . . . SARATOGA RACEWAY, Saratoga Springs: Weekdays at 8:15; through Saturday, Oct. 26.

OTHER EVENTS

UNITED NATIONS—The organization's activities for the next month will be centered around the meetings of the Security Council, to which the public is admitted. A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the admissions desk in the public lobby no earlier than thirty minutes before the start of each meeting. Meetings usually convene at 10:30 or 11 and at 2:30 or 3, Mondays through Fridays. (General Assembly Building, First Ave. at 45th St.) . . . Hour-long tours leave the lobby of the General Assembly Building every ten minutes or so from 9:15 to 4:45 daily.

PERSEID METEOR SHOWERS—The annual display of meteors, for the benefit of nocturnal-sky watchers and shooting-star wishers. The best nights for watching are Saturday through Wednesday, Aug. 10-14, after midnight, when, if the weather is at all cooperative, forty to sixty meteors an hour may be visible.

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART FILM LIBRARY—Two programs in a series called "The Cinema of Alfred Hitchcock"—Through Aug. 10: "Shadow of a Doubt" (1943), with Teresa Wright and Joseph Cotten. . . . Starting Aug. 11: "Lifeboat" (1944), with Tallulah Bankhead and William Bendix. (Showings at 3 and 5:30 and Thursday evenings at 8. A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the Museum, 11 W. 53rd, after 11 on the day of the showing or, if it is a Sunday, after noon.)

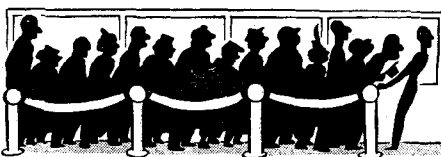


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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

MOTION PICTURES



FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST
ARE DESCRIBED ON THIS PAGE

THE BALCONY—Joseph Strick and Ben Maddow, of Hollywood, have made a remarkably successful adaptation of the grim play by Jean Genet, of Paris. Shelley Winters, Peter Falk, Lee Grant, and Kent Smith are among the superlative cast. (5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th, WA 4-8339; through Aug. 12.)

CLEOPATRA—The already famous epic, which looks like "Aida" raised to the tenth power and would be better off if it sounded like it. Still, you might as well go. Starring, of course, Elizabeth Taylor, Richard Burton, Rex Harrison, Roddy McDowall, etc., etc. (Rivoli, B'way at 49th, CI 7-1633. Daily at 2 and 8. Reserved seats only.)

DAVID AND LISA—A touching story about a mentally disturbed boy and girl who find their way back into the world by finding each other. Starring Keir Dullea, Janet Margolin, and Howard Da Silva. (57th St. Normandie, 110 W. 57th, JU 6-4448; through Aug. 14, tentative. . . . Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; and Midtown, B'way at 100th, AC 2-1200; starting Aug. 14.)

DIVORCE-ITALIAN STYLE—If you're a handsome young nobleman in Sicily, tired of your wife and in love with a beautiful cousin, murder is the one solution to your problem. Here, in a brilliant farce, is how the trick is done. Pietro Germi is the director, and the two stars are Marcello Mastroianni and Sicily. (Paris, 4 W. 58th, MU 8-0134.)

DR. NO—A slick thriller, not a second of which you need to believe. Based on the Ian Fleming original, with Sean Connery as the hard-boiled but ever so suave English Intelligence agent and Ursula Andress as the pretty girl he takes in hand. (68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th, RE 4-0302. . . . Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8037; through Aug. 10. . . . 55th St. Playhouse, 154 W. 55th, JU 6-4590; through Aug. 11.)

8½—A movie by a famous movie director, Federico Fellini, about a famous movie director engaged in making a movie and failing. Very fine. (New Embassy, B'way at 46th, PL 7-2408; and Festival, 6 W. 57th, LT 1-2323.)

THE FOUR DAYS OF NAPLES—A young Italian director named Nanni Loy has thrillingly reconstructed a heroic incident of the Second World War. The cast is largely unprofessional and wholly anonymous. (5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th, WA 4-8339; through Aug. 12.)

HEAVENS ABOVE!—The Church of England is the main target of this mild but often funny satire, produced and directed by the Boulting brothers and starring Peter Sellers, Cecil Parker, Isabel Jeans, Ian Carmichael, and half a dozen other favorites. (Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th, PL 9-1411; through Aug. 12. . . . 5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th, WA 4-8339; starting Aug. 13.)

HUB—An excellent Western, and more than a Western, thanks to superb performances by Paul Newman, Melvyn Douglas, Patricia Neal, and Brandon deWilde. (Symphony, B'way at 95th, AC 2-6600; through Aug. 13.)

LAWRENCE OF ARABIA—A rendering, in scenes of astonishing natural beauty, of T. E. Lawrence's famous "Seven Pillars of Wisdom." Lawrence was a strange little Englishman who loved Arabia and fought to free it of the Turks, and it is this love that has been well celebrated here. The cast includes Peter O'Toole, Alec Guinness, Anthony Quinn, and Anthony Quayle, and the director is David Lean. (Criterion, B'way at 44th, JU 2-1796. Weekdays at 8 and Sundays at 7:30. Matinees daily at 2. Reserved seats only.)

THE LIST OF ADRIAN MESSENGER—The reason you have to be sure to see this is that there's this dreadful Canadian who has murdered ten perfectly innocent people and is just about to murder an eleventh when along comes . . . In the huge cast, some recognizable and some not, are Kirk Douglas, George C. Scott, Clive Brook, Dana Wynter, Gladys Cooper, Tony Curtis, Frank Sinatra, Robert Mitchum, and Burt Lancaster. John Huston directed. (72nd St. Playhouse, 1st Ave. at 72nd, BU 8-9304; through Aug. 13, tentative.)

THE L-SHAPED ROOM—Leslie Caron and Tom Bell make this sentimental tale of young love in old London seem perfectly true. (Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th, PL 5-6030.)

THE MIND BENDERS—A British thriller that stops being thrilling before it stops, but is nevertheless worth seeing. With Dirk Bogarde and Mary Ure. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8037; starting Aug. 14.)

MY NAME IS IVAN—Kolya Burlaiev gives an extraordinary performance as a twelve-year-old scout for the Russian Army during the Second World War. A Russian movie that occasionally edges into propaganda but is pretty impressive all the same. (Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th, MU 5-7652.)

SPARROWS CAN'T SING—A rousing, pell-mell comedy of London lowlife, directed to perfection by the great Joan Littlewood. James Booth and Barbara Windsor are the two stars. (Art, 36 E. 8th, GR 3-7014.)

THIS SPORTING LIFE—Richard Harris gives a moving performance as a professional Rugby player for whom everything goes wrong, and Rachel Roberts is just as good as the woman who cannot love him. This brutal, tragic picture, which could have been first-rate, is slightly spoiled by Lindsay Anderson's obtrusive direction. The setting is a city in the North of England. (34th St. East, 241 E. 34th, LE 2-6533; and Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th, CI 6-3454.)

TWO DAUGHTERS—Satyajit Ray casts a warm eye on a handful of unimportant lives in the back country of India. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; and Midtown, B'way at 100th, AC 2-1200; through Aug. 13.)

THE UGLY AMERICAN—A good movie made from a bad novel. Marlon Brando plays the part of an intelligent but wrongheaded United States ambassador to a mythical republic in Southeast Asia. When Mr. Brando feels like acting, no one can beat him, and this time he felt like acting. (R.K.O. 23rd St., 8th Ave. at 23rd, AL 5-7050; through Aug. 13. . . . 72nd St. Playhouse, 1st Ave. at 72nd, BU 8-9304; starting Aug. 14, tentative.)

REVIVALS

BALLAD OF A SOLDIER (1960)—A Soviet film about the war that is less a drama than a collection of memorable photographic essays. Directed by Grigori Chukhrai, and with Vladimir Ivashov and Shanna Prokhorenko. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Aug. 11.)

THE FIVE DAY LOVER (1961)—In Paris, a young man can serve two masters, provided they are really mistresses. Jean-Pierre Cassel, Jean Seberg, and Micheline Presle. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Aug. 10.)

THE 400 BLOWS (1959)—A French film, directed by François Truffaut, that reviews the short, unhappy career of a twelve-year-old boy. With Jean-Pierre Léaud. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Aug. 11.)

LES LIAISONS DANGEREUSES (1961)—De Laclós's eighteenth-century best-seller brought up to date by Roger Vadim. Jeanne Moreau and Gérard Philipe are the couple who corrupt. (Kips Bay, 2nd Ave. at 31st, LE 2-6668; through Aug. 13, tentative.)

THE LONELINESS OF THE LONG DISTANCE RUNNER (1962)—An English tragicomedy of working-class manners, directed by Tony Richardson. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Aug. 10.)

THE MAGICIAN (1959)—Ingmar Bergman's study of the effect that a troupe of magicians has on the household of a Swedish merchant.

(8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; Aug. 13-14.)

THE MAGNIFICENT AMBERSONS (1942)—Orson Welles' treatment of the Tarkington novel. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway, OR 4-3210; Aug. 8.)

THE MAGNIFICENT SEVEN (1956)—A kind of Oriental Western, directed by Akira Kurosawa. In Japanese. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Aug. 12.)

THE MANCHURIAN CANDIDATE (1962)—Frank Sinatra, Laurence Harvey, Angela Lansbury, and Janet Leigh in a non-stop thriller about wicked Russians and wicked Americans. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8037; through Aug. 10.)

NOTORIOUS (1946)—Ingrid Bergman and Cary Grant in a Brazilian spy tale, directed by Alfred Hitchcock. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; through Aug. 14.)

THE PAJAMA GAME (1957)—The Broadway musical, translated to the screen. Doris Day, John Raitt, Carol Haney, and Eddie Foy. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8037; Aug. 11-13.)

PETER THE FIRST (1937)—A Soviet sketch of the Czar. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Aug. 8.)

THE PROUD AND THE BEAUTIFUL (1956)—Jean-Paul Sartre's story about romance in a flea-bitten Mexican town. With Gérard Philipe and Michèle Morgan. In French and Spanish. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Aug. 13.)

REBECCA (1940)—Daphne du Maurier's novel. Another Hitchcock job, this one with Joan Fontaine and Laurence Olivier. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; through Aug. 14.)

REQUIEM FOR A HEAVYWEIGHT (1962)—Anthony Quinn, Julie Harris, Jackie Gleason, and Mickey Rooney in a tale of an athlete who has outlived the only trade he knows. (Symphony, B'way at 95th, AC 2-6600; starting Aug. 14.)

ROCCO AND HIS BROTHERS (1961)—A portrait of a poor Italian family that comes to Milan to make good. Directed by Luchino Visconti. (New Charles, Ave. B at 12th, GR 5-4210; starting Aug. 14, evening performances only.)

ROUGE ET NOIR (1958)—The Stendhal novel, with Gérard Philipe, Danielle Darrieux, and Antonella Lualdi. A French film. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway, OR 4-3210; Aug. 8.)

THE SEVENTH SEAL (1958)—A Swedish film, directed by Ingmar Bergman, about life in Sweden in the fourteenth century, when the plague was raging. (8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; Aug. 11-12.)

SHOOT THE PIANO PLAYER (1962)—François Truffaut wrote and directed this French movie about a pianist in a Paris café. (New Charles, Ave. B at 12th, GR 5-4210; through Aug. 13, evening performances only, except on Saturday and Sunday.)

A STREETCAR NAMED DESIRE (1951)—Tennessee Williams' story of a dishevelled New Orleans family. With Vivien Leigh and Marlon Brando. (New Charles, Ave. B at 12th, GR 5-4210; through Aug. 13, evening performances only, except on Saturday and Sunday.)

TORMENT (1947)—The machinations of a psychopathic teacher who attempts to frustrate a juvenile love affair. In Swedish. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway, OR 4-3210; Aug. 9-12.)

UMBERTO D. (1955)—Vittorio De Sica's sad study of the twilight of an aged government pensioner. In Italian. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Aug. 12.)

VIRIDIANA (1962)—Luis Buñuel's account of the havoc wreaked by a virtuous girl who seeks to do God's bidding among his beloved poor. A Spanish picture. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway, OR 4-3210; starting Aug. 13.)

WILD STRAWBERRIES (1959)—Victor Sjöström plays an eminent physician in this Swedish film directed by Ingmar Bergman. (8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; Aug. 11-12.)

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART FILM LIBRARY—See listing under "Other Events," page 11.

THE BROADWAY AREA

ASTOR, B'way at 45th. (JU 6-2240)
 "Toys in the Attic," Dean Martin, Geraldine Page.

CINERAMA, B'way at 51st. (JU 2-5060)
 "How the West Was Won." (Mondays through Fridays at 2:30 and 8:30, and Saturdays and Sundays at 1:30, 5, and 8:45. Reserved seats only.)

CRITERION, B'way at 44th. (JU 2-1796)
LAWRENCE OF ARABIA.

DEMILLE, 7th Ave. at 47th. (CO 5-8431)
 "The Great Escape," Steve McQueen, James Garner.

MUSIC HALL, 6th Ave. at 50th. (CI 6-4600)
 "The Thrill of It All," Doris Day, James Garner.

NEW EMBASSY, B'way at 46th. (PL 7-2408)
 8½ (in Italian).

PALACE, B'way at 47th. (PL 7-2626)
 "For Love or Money," Kirk Douglas, Mitzi Gaynor.

PARAMOUNT, B'way at 43rd. (WI 7-0400)
 "Donovan's Reef," John Wayne, Elizabeth Allen.

RIVOLI, B'way at 49th. (CI 7-1633)
CLEOPATRA.

STATE, B'way at 45th. (JU 2-5070)
 "Jason and the Argonauts," Todd Armstrong, Nancy Kovack.

TOHO CINEMA, 209 W. 45th. (LT 1-1788)
 "My Hobo" (in Japanese), Hideko Takamine.

VICTORIA, B'way at 46th. (JU 6-0540)
 "Irma la Douce," Jack Lemmon, Shirley MacLaine.

EAST SIDE

ART, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
SPARROWS CAN'T SING.

NEW CHARLES, Ave. B at 12th. (GR 5-4210; evening performances only, except on Saturdays and Sundays.)
 Through Aug. 13: **SHOOT THE PIANO PLAYER** (in French), revival; and **A STREETCAR NAMED DESIRE**, revival.
 From Aug. 14: **ROCCO AND HIS BROTHERS** (in Italian), revival.

ACADEMY OF MUSIC, 126 E. 14th. (GR 3-2277)
 "Irma la Douce," Jack Lemmon, Shirley MacLaine.

GRAMERCY, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
 Through Aug. 13: "Love and Larceny" (in Italian), Vittorio Gassman, Anna Maria Ferrero; and "Call Me Bwana," Bob Hope, Anita Ekberg.
 From Aug. 14: **DAVID AND LISA.**

KIPS BAY, 2nd Ave. at 31st. (LE 2-6668)
 Through Aug. 13 (tentative): **LES LIAISONS DANGEREUSES** (in French), revival; and "Lady Chatterley's Lover" (in French), revival, Danielle Darrieux, Erno Crisa.
 From Aug. 14 (tentative): "Bye Bye Birdie," Janet Leigh, Dick Van Dyke.

MURRAY HILL, 160 E. 34th. (MU 5-7652)
MY NAME IS IVAN (in Russian).

34TH ST. EAST, 241 E. 34th. (LE 2-6533)
THIS SPORTING LIFE.

TRANS-LUX 52ND ST., Lexington at 52nd. (PL 3-2434)
 "For Love or Money," Kirk Douglas, Mitzi Gaynor.

SUTTON, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
 Through Aug. 12: **HEAVENS ABOVE!**
 From Aug. 13: "The Small World of Sammy Lee," Anthony Newley, Julia Foster.

TRANS-LUX EAST, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (PL 9-2262)
 "The Burning Court," Nadja Tiller, Jean-Claude Brialy.

R.K.O. 58TH ST., 3rd Ave. at 58th. (EL 5-3577)
 Through Aug. 13: "Tammy and the Doctor," Sandra Dee, Peter Fonda; and "Paranoia," Janette Scott, Oliver Reed.
 From Aug. 14: "A Gathering of Eagles," Rock Hudson, Rod Taylor; and "It Takes a Thief," Jayne Mansfield, Anthony Quayle.

FINE ARTS, 130 E. 58th. (PL 5-6030)
THE L-SHAPED ROOM.

PLAZA, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
 Through Aug. 11: "Queen Christina," revival, Greta Garbo, John Gilbert.
 From Aug. 12, at 8:30: "The Leopard," Burt Lancaster, Alain Delon. (Opening night by invitation only.)

BARONET, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (EL 5-1663)
 "Irma la Douce," Jack Lemmon, Shirley MacLaine.

THE MOVIE HOUSES

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
11	12	13	14	8	9	10

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST
 APPEAR IN HEAVY TYPE AND ARE DESCRIBED
 ON THE OPPOSITE PAGE

CORONET, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (PL 1-1535)
 "The Great Escape," Steve McQueen, James Garner.

CINEMA I, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-6022)
 "Toys in the Attic," Dean Martin, Geraldine Page. (On Tuesday, Aug. 13, only, the last showing will begin at 5:30.)

CINEMA II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-0774)
 "The Mouse on the Moon," Margaret Rutherford, Bernard Cribbins.

BEEKMAN, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
 "Murder at the Gallop," Margaret Rutherford, Flora Robson.

68TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
DR. NO.

TOWER EAST, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (TR 9-1313)
 Through Aug. 13: "The Wonderful World of the Brothers Grimm," revival, Laurence Harvey, Claire Bloom.
 From Aug. 14: "Bye Bye Birdie," Janet Leigh, Dick Van Dyke.

72ND ST. PLAYHOUSE, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304)
 Through Aug. 13 (tentative): **THE LIST OF ADRIAN MESSENGER.**
 From Aug. 14 (tentative): **THE UGLY AMERICAN.**

TRANS-LUX 85TH ST., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
 "Irma la Douce," Jack Lemmon, Shirley MacLaine.

R.K.O. 86TH ST., Lexington at 86th. (AT 9-8900)
 Through Aug. 13: "Tammy and the Doctor," Sandra Dee, Peter Fonda; and "Paranoia," Janette Scott, Oliver Reed.
 From Aug. 14: "A Gathering of Eagles," Rock Hudson, Rod Taylor; and "It Takes a Thief," Jayne Mansfield, Anthony Quayle.

86TH ST. CASINO, 210 E. 86th. (RE 4-0257)
 Aug. 8: "Ciske, the Rat" (in German), Dick van der Velde.
 From Aug. 9: To be announced.

ORPHEUM, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (AT 9-4607)
 Through Aug. 13: "Duel of the Titans," Steve Reeves, Gordon Scott; and "Tarzan the Magnificent," revival, Gordon Scott.
 From Aug. 14: "Bye Bye Birdie," Janet Leigh, Dick Van Dyke.

WEST SIDE

BLEECKER ST. CINEMA, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway. (OR 4-3210)
 Aug. 8: **ROUGE ET NOIR** (in French), revival; and **THE MAGNIFICENT AMBERSONS**, revival.
 Aug. 9-12: **TORMENT** (in Swedish), revival; and "Miss Julie" (in Swedish), revival, Anita Björk.
 From Aug. 13: **VIRIDIANA** (in Spanish), revival; and "No Sun in Venice" (in French), revival, Françoise Arnoul, Christian Marquand.

WAYERLY, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (WA 9-8037)
 Through Aug. 10: **DR. NO.**; and **THE MANCHURIAN CANDIDATE**, revival.
 Aug. 11-13: **THE PAJAMA GAME**, revival; and "Damn Yankees," revival, Gwen Verdon, Ray Walston.
 From Aug. 14: **THE MIND BENDERS**; and "Love and Larceny" (in Italian), Vittorio Gassman, Anna Maria Ferrero.

8TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 52 W. 8th. (GR 7-7874)
 Aug. 8: "The Naked Night" (in Swedish), revival, Harriet Andersson; and "A Lesson in Love" (in Swedish), revival, Eva Dahlbeck, Gunnar Björnstrand.
 Aug. 9-10: "Dreams" (in Swedish), revival,

Harriet Andersson, Eva Dahlbeck; and "Smiles of a Summer Night" (in Swedish), revival, Ulla Jacobsson, Eva Dahlbeck.

Aug. 11-12: **THE SEVENTH SEAL** and **WILD STRAWBERRIES** (both in Swedish and both revivals).

Aug. 13-14: **THE MAGICIAN** (in Swedish), revival; and "Brink of Life" (in Swedish), revival, Eva Dahlbeck, Ingrid Thulin.

5TH AVE. CINEMA, 5th Ave. at 12th. (WA 4-8339)
 Through Aug. 12: **THE BALCONY**; and **THE FOUR DAYS OF NAPLES** (in Italian).
 From Aug. 13: **HEAVENS ABOVE!**

SHERIDAN, 7th Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-2166)
 Through Aug. 13: "Duel of the Titans," Steve Reeves, Gordon Scott; and "Tarzan the Magnificent," revival, Gordon Scott.
 From Aug. 14: "Bye Bye Birdie," Janet Leigh, Dick Van Dyke.

GREENWICH, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-3350)
 Through Aug. 13: **TWO DAUGHTERS** (in Bengali); and "The Playboy of the Western World," Siobhan McKenna, Gary Raymond.
 From Aug. 14: **DAVID AND LISA.**

R.K.O. 23RD ST., 8th Ave. at 23rd. (AL 5-7050)
 Through Aug. 13: **THE UGLY AMERICAN**; and "Midnight Lace," revival, Doris Day, Rex Harrison.
 From Aug. 14: "The Birds," Rod Taylor, Jessica Tandy; and "Term of Trial," Laurence Olivier, Simone Signoret.

55TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 154 W. 55th. (JU 6-4590)
 Through Aug. 11: **DR. NO.**
 From Aug. 12: "The Flamboyant Sex" (in French), Anita Lindoff.

FESTIVAL, 6 W. 57th. (LT 1-2323)
 8½ (in Italian).

57TH ST. NORMANDIE, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)
 Through Aug. 14 (tentative): **DAVID AND LISA.**

LITTLE CARNEGIE, 146 W. 57th. (CI 6-3454)
THIS SPORTING LIFE.

CARNEGIE HALL CINEMA, 7th Ave. at 57th. (PL 7-2131)
 "Hand in the Trap" (in Spanish), Elsa Daniel, Francisco Rabal.

PARIS, 4 W. 58th. (MU 8-0134)
DIVORCE-ITALIAN STYLE (in Italian).

LOEW'S 83RD ST., B'way at 83rd. (TR 7-3190)
 Through Aug. 13: "Duel of the Titans," Steve Reeves, Gordon Scott; and "Tarzan the Magnificent," revival, Gordon Scott.
 From Aug. 14: "Bye Bye Birdie," Janet Leigh, Dick Van Dyke.

NEW YORKER, B'way at 88th. (TR 4-9189)
 Through Aug. 14: **REBECCA**, revival; and **NOTORIOUS**, revival.

SYMPHONY, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-6600)
 Through Aug. 13: **HUD**; and "Papa's Delicate Condition," Jackie Gleason, Glynis Johns.
 From Aug. 14: **REQUIEM FOR A HEAVYWEIGHT**, revival; and "Beloved Infidel," revival, Gregory Peck, Deborah Kerr.

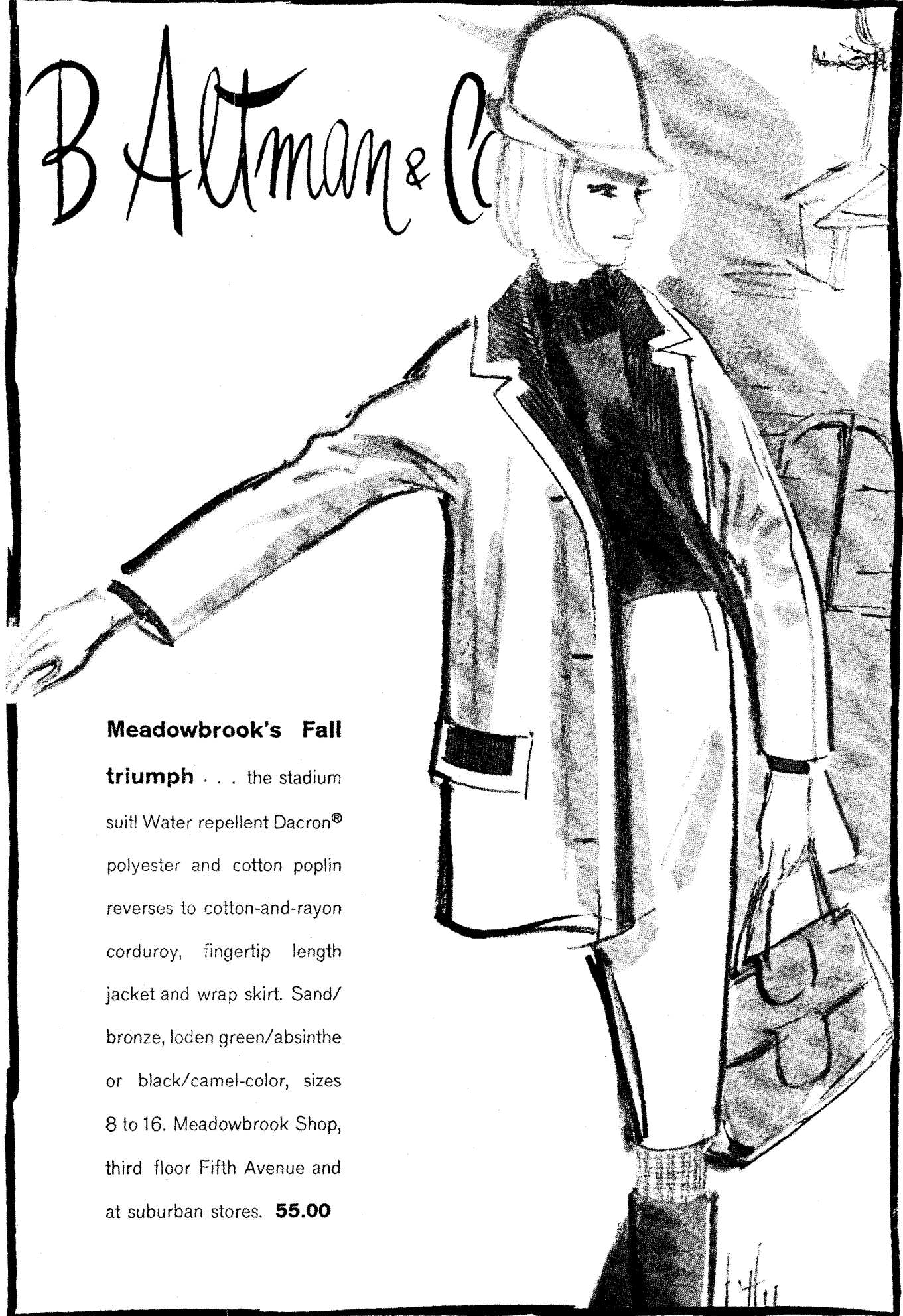
THALIA, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-3370)
 Aug. 8: **PETER THE FIRST** (in Russian), revival; and Sergei Eisenstein's "Ivan the Terrible, Part I" (in Russian), revival.
 Aug. 9: "Panic" (in French), revival, Viviane Romance; and "Back to the Wall" (in French), revival, Jeanne Moreau.
 Aug. 10: **THE LONELINESS OF THE LONG DISTANCE RUNNER**, revival; and **THE FIVE DAY LOVER** (in French), revival.
 Aug. 11: **BALLAD OF A SOLDIER** (in Russian), revival; and **THE 400 BLOWS** (in French), revival.
 Aug. 12: **UMBERTO D.** (in Italian), revival; and **THE MAGNIFICENT SEVEN** (in Japanese), revival.
 Aug. 13: **THE PROUD AND THE BEAUTIFUL** (in French and Spanish), revival; and "Bell' Antonio" (in Italian), revival, Marcello Mastroianni, Claudia Cardinale.
 Aug. 14: Four films on psychology—"Psychiatry in Action," "Thursday's Children," "It's a Small World," and "The Rumour."

RIVERSIDE, B'way at 96th. (MO 3-4530)
 Through Aug. 13: "Savage Sam," Brian Keith, Kevin Corcoran; and "Wings of Chance," revival, James Brown.
 From Aug. 14: "A Gathering of Eagles," Rock Hudson, Rod Taylor; and "Prisoner of the Iron Mask," Michel Lemoine.

MIDTOWN, B'way at 100th. (AC 2-1200)
 Through Aug. 13: **TWO DAUGHTERS** (in Bengali); and "The Playboy of the Western World," Siobhan McKenna, Gary Raymond.
 From Aug. 14: **DAVID AND LISA.**



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THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

THE relationship between mass media and mass mores is never simple. While we were exploring a neighborhood pizza parlor the other day—to gather evidence for our thesis that the pizza joint has replaced the candy store as a hangout for pre-beer teenagers—a tall man of about fifteen sauntered noisily through the door. He had on a tight white T shirt, tight faded blue jeans, and engineers' boots of dusty black, and he walked as if he had just stepped down from or fallen off a horse. Playing at full volume but nevertheless clasped tightly against his right ear was a transistor radio in a perforated leather case no bigger than a pack of cigarettes; the case was bound to the boy's wrist, apparently for security, by a long leather strap. Making himself heard over the rhythmical racket of the radio, the boy ordered a slice of pizza and an orange soda from the equally youthful-looking counterwoman. When the food and drink came, the boy flicked off the radio with a practiced thumb, freed the leather strap from his wrist with a circular arm motion, and laid the silent apparatus down in front of him, making sure that the strap was coiled neatly on top of the case, so that no part of it touched the greasy counter. He ate with dispatch, and when he had finished, he picked up the leather case, wound the strap around his wrist four or five times, flicked on the radio with his thumb, and sauntered out of the store, leaving behind two dimes and a nickel and the echo of a hideously indistinguishable rock-'n'-roll record. There was, however, no mistaking the origin of the performance; a hundred TV and movie cowboys in a hundred frontier saloons had not checked

their guns on a hundred rickety tabletops in vain. And while we saluted the accuracy of the mimic, we were also moved to a new awareness of the complex workings of our mass media, which have succeeded in providing a socially acceptable outlet for the aggression they have so long been accused of merely pandering to.

Another

HAVING made a point of attending as many previews of the 1964-65 New York World's Fair as possible, we sped toward the lobby of the Time & Life Building as soon as we heard that the latest preview was taking place there. Models of some of the exhibits—mostly industrial—that are now under construction at the fairgrounds in Flushing Meadow had been set up in the lobby to be studied by any passers-by who had been able to resist going into the Radio City Music Hall, across Sixth Avenue, or into Arthur Maisel's Steakhouse, across Fiftieth Street, where a public-address system was shouting, "Hi there, come on in!" Most of the people who had come into the Time & Life lobby seemed to feel that they were being followed, for they glanced con-

tinually over their shoulders and out of the corners of their eyes at the people around them. From time to time, somebody would squeeze one of the model shrubs with which all the exhibits were decorated. "This is lichen," he would say, or "It's algae."

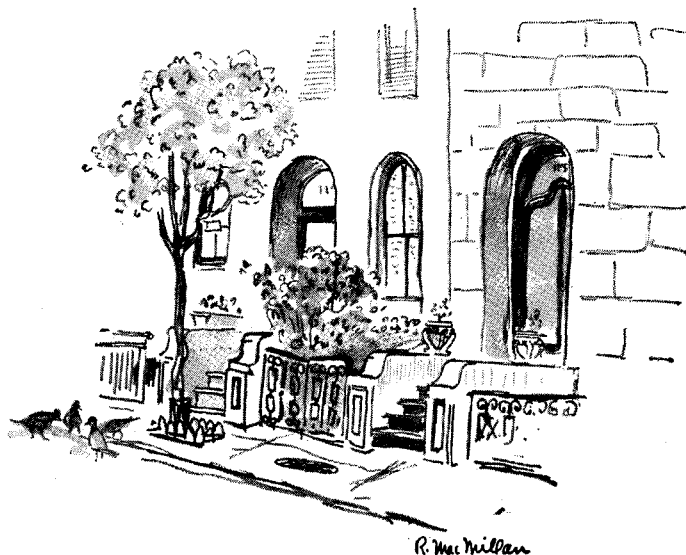
A little boy in a yellow raincoat was forcefully leading his mother from one model to the next, and he gestured with scorn as they rushed past the Electric Power & Light exhibit. "Where are you going to live in this?" he asked indignantly. His mother shook her head mournfully. A little girl announced to her mother that she would like to have the 7-Up model. "Sh-h-h," her mother said. "You just look carefully, so when we go there, make sure it looks like what they say it's going to look like."

The lobby guard, who was having a hard time preventing people from sitting on the window sills, had obviously had his back turned when someone kidnapped several miniature people from the du Pont exhibit, where pinholes indicated that they had been standing. "There's going to be a lot of walking going on at the Fair," said a tired man who had just been told that he couldn't sit on the window sill. His wife suggested that they go up to the mezzanine.

"Nothing but pictures up there," he replied, looking around for an empty bench. "You'd never see it all in a day."

Realizing suddenly that the funereal tempo at which "Meet Me in St. Louis, Louis" was issuing from somewhere might be what was hypnotizing the visitors and making them feel obliged to wander about listlessly and speak, in hushed tones, only to their nearest relatives, we departed. We had seen the models at the previous preview anyway.

Outside, four boys were trying to persuade a fifth to





"Holy mackerel!"

go in with them and look at the exhibits. "What's so interesting about the World's Fair?" the fifth boy asked, but the others ran into the building, and he followed them, getting stuck, for a minute, in the revolving door.

Habitat

A FRIEND of ours has told us about a cocktail-party encounter he had the other afternoon with a naturalist, who, during a brief chat, disclosed that he had just spent three months travelling up and down South America in search of spotted skunks, his specialty, and that he had managed to see and study several hundred of them. Our friend, duly impressed and thinking of the arduous field work that such research must entail, asked the naturalist how he knew where to hunt for the animals. "Oh, I should have explained," he replied. "I found them in museums."

New Producer

THE hit of the Off Broadway season is, of course, the revival, at Theatre Four, on West Fifty-fifth Street, of "The Boys from Syracuse," the 1938 Rodgers and Hart musical. In

fact, since it opened, on April 15th, to wildly favorable reviews, the show has been sold out for every performance except one, and, with an advance sale approaching thirty-five thousand dollars, it is well on its way to becoming the greatest financial success in the history of Off Broadway. While a certain amount of the credit for all this naturally belongs to Richard Rodgers and the late Lorenz Hart, who provided the score with such wonderful songs as "Falling in Love with Love," "Sing for Your Supper," "This Can't Be Love," and "You Have Cast Your Shadow on the Sea," and to George Abbott, who adapted the book from Shakespeare's "The Comedy of Errors" and directed the musical's original production, everyone agrees that the major share of the credit should go to a dogged young man named Richard York, who, although he had never before produced anything anywhere, produced the revival. Until last December, indeed, he was a waiter in a fashionable East Side restaurant called Pablo's.

Upon learning of his swift leap up life's ladder, we met Mr. York, a dapper, sharp-featured man of thirty-three with an engaging smile and prematurely graying hair, for a drink at Sardi's,

where he beamingly told us that he had just bought a Mercedes, and that, what with his share of the proceeds from the New York production and Capitol's recording of the show, he anticipates making about a hundred thousand dollars out of "The Boys from Syracuse." "It's all too much to believe," he went on, taking a fast sip of a Martini. "I knew we had a marvellous show, but I never dreamed that it would be a smash. We got a rave from every critic; we've won the Vernon Rice Award and an Off Broadway Obie; two of our players, Stuart Damon and Julianne Marie, have won Theatre World Awards; and we're practically sold out through the rest of the summer. It's staggering but—well, nice."

Mr. York told us that he had decided to

become a producer four years ago, after a singularly unsuccessful career as a singer and dancer. A native of Minneapolis, he started studying voice and ballet when he was in his teens, and after a hitch in the Air Force he settled in San Francisco and tried to break into the theatre. "I got a job as a salesman for Liggett & Myers, and in the evenings and on weekends I worked as an unpaid apprentice for local semi-professional dramatic and musical theatre groups," he said. "I did everything. I swept up, worked the lights, helped to build scenery, sold tickets, stage-managed, and, over a period of four years, sang and danced in a score of productions, including 'The Golden Apple,' 'Street Scene,' and 'Kiss Me, Kate.' In the spring of 1958, though, I decided that if I was ever going to make it in show business, the place to be was New York, so I quit my job and started across country—hitchhiking. A week later, I was flat broke in St. Louis, and I took a job for the summer as a bartender on an old Mississippi showboat moored there. It was a great job, and by September I had enough money saved to fly the rest of the way to New York."

Once settled here, Mr. York began taking further voice and dance lessons,

and meanwhile supported himself by waiting on table, in a small restaurant on Bleecker Street called the Lobster Roll. In the winter of 1958-59, he auditioned for twenty-one Broadway and Off Broadway musicals, and was called back for a second audition on four occasions, but failed to land a single role. "I decided then that I had no future as a performer, but I still wanted to be in show business," Mr. York continued, shaking his head at this unpleasant memory. "All right, I told myself, you'll become a producer. I didn't know the first thing about producing in those days, but I went boldly ahead anyway. I knew that no one would submit an original show to me, so I decided to produce revivals of musicals, and the first one I wanted to do was Gershwin's 'Oh, Kay.' I succeeded in contracting for it, but I couldn't raise the money. Then I thought of 'The Boys from Syracuse.' It hadn't ever been revived around here, it had one of the best scores Rodgers and Hart ever wrote, and George Abbott's book wasn't the least bit dated. I sent a letter to Richard Rodgers asking for permission to do the show, and a few days later I received a polite refusal, so I became involved in producing an Off Broadway revival of 'A Tree Grows in Brooklyn,' the musical that Shirley Booth had done on Broadway. I raised the money for the show, but, after more than a year's work on my part, the project fell through, mainly because of troubles with the book, and I returned the backers' money to them, taking a personal loss of two thousand dollars. One good thing came out of 'A Tree Grows in Brooklyn,' though—I met Dorothy Fields, the show's lyricist. Miss Fields, who is, of course, one of the great professionals of the musical theatre, took me under her wing and taught me the New York theatre from the ground up. In fact, she became like a second mother to me, and any success I've had as a producer is largely due to her help."

While Mr. York was struggling with "A Tree Grows in Brooklyn,"

his career as a waiter took him from the Lobster Roll to a series of other Village restaurants, then to a seafood place on Long Island, and finally, in the spring of 1960, to Pablo's. In his spare time, he worked out a detailed budget for his planned revival of "The Boys from Syracuse," and at length, one day early last fall, Richard Rodgers agreed to see him. Once actually in Mr. Rodgers' presence, he nervously outlined his plans for producing the show, and Mr. Rodgers told him to have the contracts drawn up.

"I was on top of the world when I left his office," said Mr. York, with a broad grin. "And ever since that first meeting Richard Rodgers has been wonderful to me. If Dorothy Fields has been a second mother, I guess I can say that Richard Rodgers has been a second father to me. He came to almost every rehearsal, he helped to reorchestrate the score for six instruments, he wrote new lines of lyrics for some of the songs, and he even wrote a new musical ending for 'This Can't Be Love.' I was quickly able to raise the money for the show—about a fifth of which, by the way, came from customers I waited on regularly at

Pablo's—and late last December I quit my job and we began auditions. We auditioned five hundred and fifty-two performers to cast twenty-one. Almost everyone we hired had had Broadway experience. We were set originally to open in early February, but the newspaper strike dragged on and we were forced to postpone the opening. For a while, in fact, it looked as though the entire project was going to collapse. I'd contracted for a theatre, but, with the postponement, I lost it. I hired Christopher Hewett, an old friend, to direct, and we went into rehearsal early in March, but we still didn't have a theatre. At the last minute, though, we got Theatre Four, and, despite a few other late crises, we got the show on. On opening night, I gave a party upstairs here at Sardi's, and we waited for the reviews. I expect I've never been so nervous in my life. I kept looking at the waiters serving the drinks, and thinking that if the reviews were bad, I'd probably be back waiting on table for the rest of my life. Then our press agent came in and took me outside. He had the reviews from the *Herald Tribune* and the *News*, and they were both raves. I



remember Judith Crist's review, in the *Trib*, began, 'Oh joy! Oh rapture! Oh Rodgers and Hart!' I went back inside to read the reviews to the crowd. The pianist played a fanfare and everyone was quiet. But I broke down and I couldn't read. Tears came to my eyes, and I was just able to gasp two words—'We're in.' Then everybody was shouting and laughing, and I sat down in a daze, not quite believing it. I still don't."

OVERHEARD in the lobby of the Americana: "She may not save Plaid Stamps, but that doesn't make her an intellectual."

The Pickets

FROM newspaper pictures of the demonstrations at the Downstate Medical Center Hospital, in Brooklyn, it appeared that the demonstrators were willing to do almost anything to hold up construction of the hospital—lie beneath cement trucks or cling to cranes or chain themselves together in front of the gate in the construction-site fence to prevent trucks from going through—and we were surprised as we approached the place one afternoon last week to find that the atmosphere was like that of a friendly, well-planned outing. The hospital, now consisting of two floors of orange and black steel girders, is being built next to the Downstate Medical Center College of Medicine and across the street from the green, shady lawn of the Kings County Hospital. It was lunchtime when we arrived, and in front of the out-patient entrance to Kings County, half a block from where the pickets and the police were concentrated, several vendors were doing a steady business—one man selling peanuts and balloons from a pushcart, two others dealing in hot dogs and cold drinks from stands that had striped umbrellas to protect customers from the hot sun, and an efficient man standing inside a large green ice-cream truck and selling Jennie's Delight Freezer Fresh. Farther down the street, toward the main gate of the construction site, a group of hospital workers from Kings County—internes in white, Negro nurses' aides in blue, office employees off for lunch—stood on the walk leading to the hospital's front door and watched the scene across the street.

A few feet from the main gate, sixty or seventy pickets marched around in an elongated oval in a narrow enclave of sidewalk formed by the fence and a line of the New York police barricades that look like faded gray sawhorses,

which had been set up parallel to the fence. There were a dozen or so white adults and some white children in the line, but most of the pickets were Negro adults, carrying homemade cardboard signs lettered with phrases like "Mr. Mayor We Want Jobs" and "This Is Not Mississippi—Or Is It?" and "White Labor Shall Never Be Free Until Black Labor Is at Liberty," and chanting responses to informal cheerleaders, who would occasionally step into the middle of the oval to lead the protest. About fifty policemen, carrying nightsticks, stood silently in a double line along the street a few feet from the barricades. Down the street from the pickets, just on the other side of the main gate, four police paddy wagons were parked in a line. The doors of the nearest one were open, revealing a courteous stencilled warning: "STEP UP PLEASE." Two or three policemen kept traffic moving, and others stood across the street in small groups, chatting. Reporters and photographers, their police passes hanging from their lapels or pinned to their breast pockets, leaned against the fence of the Kings County Hospital, in the shade of the trees, glancing occasionally toward the gate or watching the steelworkers—most of them wearing khaki pants, tin helmets, and no shirts, and appearing oblivious of the demonstration—climb around the girders.

In a large Communications Division police van, parked across from the main gate, Inspector W. F. Callahan, a pleasant-looking man with a colonel's eagles on the shoulders of his uniform, sat talking with his officers. From a desk opposite them, a Negro patrolman and a white sergeant talked with the police at other gates by means of four phones hung on the wall of the van. As we stood near the van, a Negro man and woman approached and, through a short, cheerful conversation with Callahan, got permission for a car to stop near the pickets and unload food from a neighborhood restaurant.

Meanwhile, a particularly enthusiastic cheerleader had stepped into the oval to lead the responsive chanting—a Negro woman wearing a polka-dotted dress, white sneakers, and a light-blue overseas cap that bore the legend "CORE. The Congress of Racial Equality. Freedom Now." A sign hanging from her shoulders read, "Equal Opportunity, Jobs, Housing, Freedom Now. N.A.A.C.P. Urban League. CORE." Prancing up and down the sidewalk, she chanted each phrase two or three times, her voice going up each time, like that of

an infantry sergeant leading a marching song. "Jim Crow," she sang. "MUST GO!" the pickets responded. "Jim Crow MUST GO! Ji-yem Crow MUST GO! Segregation MUST GO! Segregation MUST GO! Ji-yem Crow MUST GO!" From general evils—Jim Crow, segregation, job bias, police brutality—she moved to individuals, first calling the name of a judge who had imposed severe sentences on some of the demonstrators, then mentioning Mayor Wagner, Governor Rockefeller, and two or three police inspectors. Each time, the crowd answered, "MUST GO!" After several minutes, the woman stepped out of the oval to get a cold drink and chat with friends who were eating lunch, at one end of the enclave, around a table that held a cooler full of lemonade. Near her, a short, chubby, very sunburned white man was using one of the police barricades for a desk as, with a red marking pencil, he prepared a cardboard sign that eventually read, "The Enemy of Our Freedom Is at Home, Not in Vietnam or China. Freedom Now."

A boy stepped into the oval to start the chants again. "Whadaya want?" he asked. "FREEDOM!" the crowd replied.

A few minutes after one o'clock, a cement truck drove away from the girders and stopped twenty or thirty yards inside the gate. Reporters began to gather in the street in front of the gate, and some of the photographers climbed into the open paddy wagon to get a better view. "All right, one solid line here," a police sergeant said, and the policemen who had been standing along the barricades formed a line extending across the street at right angles to the fence, blocking the demonstrators from the gate. The Reverend William A. Jones, a tall,

well-dressed Negro with a resonant voice, walked up to the line of police and asked, "May my pickets come through?" Mr. Jones seemed casual and relaxed. He had been eating lunch and was still holding a piece of fried chicken, partly wrapped in aluminum foil. The police did not answer his question. "May my pickets come through?" he repeated. Still no answer. "Well, have your tactics changed again? My thesis is proved correct—that the Police Department is aligned against us. Where is Inspector Callahan?" There was no answer from the patrolmen. "I would like to talk to Inspector Callahan," Jones said, walking across the street to the Communications van. "Where is he? Who's in charge here?" Callahan did not happen to be at the van, and again Jones was not answered. "Well, we'll





just sit in the street," said Jones. "Move the people into the streets!" he called, and the pickets came out of their enclave and into the street, pressing against the line of policemen.

An officer ordered that the pickets be moved back onto the sidewalk, and the tightly packed patrolmen started marching down the street, their nightsticks held at their chests. Reporters and photographers rushed from the gate toward the crowd of demonstrators and police, and meanwhile the cement truck, unnoticed, went through the gate. "Stop pushing on me!" somebody shouted from the middle of the crowd. "Stop pushing on me!" Some demonstrators had moved forward, toward the police, instead of back toward the sidewalk. There was scuffling in the middle of the crowd, and a sign flew up in the air. Suddenly a man moved out of the crowd and onto the sidewalk, two policemen holding on to him. "He hit a cop!" a reporter yelled. Five or six more policemen jumped over the barricades to the sidewalk. They grabbed the man; carried him by his arms and legs to the paddy wagon, which the photographers had abandoned a few moments before;

and threw him in from three or four feet away.

Mr. Jones was shouting to the people to get back on the sidewalk, the police kept moving resolutely forward, and in a few minutes the demonstrators were in their enclave once more. In the street, among the torn cardboard signs dropped in the scuffle, a young Negro girl was lying motionless, staring straight ahead. A Negro policeman knelt beside her, asking what was wrong. "Be careful," somebody said. "She's sick." Somebody else came out of the enclave and put his coat around the girl. Another demonstrator stood over her, holding a sign—"We Want a United Free Nation with Freedom and Justice for All"—in such a way as to shade her from the sun. Mr. Jones got up on a police barricade and asked the demonstrators to remain peaceful, telling them at the same time, "We're victims of a vicious system—callous policemen who are more concerned with seeing that these trucks get in and out than with protecting our right to protest." An ambulance came, and two attendants with a stretcher put the girl into the ambulance, which then drove to the hospital across the street.

"Shame! Shame! Shame! Shame!" the demonstrators shouted at the policemen, who had re-formed their line in front of the barricades. "Shoot us now," some of the demonstrators said, and they raised their hands above their heads and shrank against the fence. "Shoot us now! Shoot us now! Shoot us now!" the chant started.

"Police brutality," yelled one demonstrator.

"MUST GO!" a few answered.

"Jim Crow," he said.

"MUST GO!" they all replied.

As the chant grew, most of the demonstrators started marching around again, some of them carrying signs that were smeared with dirt from the street. A few of them gathered around the table to have a cold drink and finish their lunch. The reporters collected in small groups, some of them trying to reconstruct what had happened in the three or four minutes of chaos. Most of the demonstrators continued to march in the familiar oval, the rhythm of their chanting broken only occasionally, as one of them leaned over the barricades to shout an insult at the police. The policemen remained silent.

TILL THE SANDS OF THE DESERT GROW COLD

I RECENTLY found myself with a wedding anniversary coming up, my nineteenth, with the usual attendant problem of a gift for my wife. I had been racking my brains intermittently for the better part of a month when I suddenly remembered a Broadway play she had mentioned particularly wanting to see. So I bought her a ticket to that. She gave me a shuffle sander, a small power job for use in my woodworking, and as we sat admiring our presents we polished off a bottle of Veuve Clicquot and talked of old times.

"Nineteen years," I said. "It seems much longer somehow. Twice that."

She regarded me across her champagne glass, sipping.

"So packed with incident, so rich in experiences shared," I went on. "This whole business of time and tedium is very little understood, as Thomas Mann points out in the passage in 'The Magic Mountain' where he goes into it, you may recall. It is only over the short haul that a crowded interval seems short—an eventful day, say. When it comes to a long span looked back on, the more there's been in it the longer it seems. Monotony stretches the passing moment while pleasure makes time fly, yes; but over a past viewed in *retrospect* this illusion is reversed. Lack of content will shrink the interval, eventfulness expand it. What is true of time is also true of space. An empty room will seem smaller than a full one. Remember how we left the house on Woolsey Lane when we had it on the market? Furnished, so it would look bigger to clients. What a chapter that was, eh, ducks? Well, here we still are, all right, and so here's to us again. Cheers."

She was tickled pink with her ticket, and implored me to help her remember the evening for which I'd got it—a Saturday eight weeks hence—lest it slip by unnoticed, as things often do when planned that far in advance. We did not forget. I had the car gassed up and ready in plenty of time, for she had decided to drive in from the suburb where we live, rather than take the train. I saw her off with every good wish, waving to her from the driveway as she rounded the bend toward the Merritt Parkway. I heaved a sigh of pleasure for her before turning back to

the house in anticipation of my own evening there.

First, I opened a can of beer, and then I sat down to watch a little television. Then I got Proust off the shelf to reread some of that "Overture" and see how his narrator was making out with the jellied madrilène or whatever the hell it was. Then I paged through the local phone book till I found an Upjohn, dialled the number, and asked the man who answered, "Are you Upjohn?," and when he said "Yes," replied, "At this hour?," and was hung up on in a thoroughly satisfying manner. Then I wandered into the kitchen, where I got out of the refrigerator all the meats and cheeses I could find and made myself a proper three-decker sandwich (lingering with special affection over the slices of Kraft's Genuine Switzerland Swiss cheese). I ate it slowly, with another can of cold beer. It was now around eleven o'clock. I looked at television for another hour, this time hitting a revival of an old Jimmy Stewart and Rosalind Russell movie that I remembered with particular fondness. Very charming, very cute. When it was over, I turned in.

MY wife got home around 2 A.M. She woke me up when she entered the bedroom and snapped the light on. I smiled drowsily from the bed, scratching myself and yawning. "How was it?"

Her dress was awry, her stockings were twisted, and she must have been trampled by more than the normal quota of late-comers, judging from the expression with which she sat nursing her feet after removing her shoes. Her cheeks wore a vivid flush. Her hair offered the final

testimony to an exciting evening in the theatre.

"Well, it's not something you're supposed to *enjoy*," she said.

"Of course not."

"You're galvanized, you're shaken to your roots, you're repelled. When you come out, you feel you've been through it all *with* the characters."

"What was this one about?"

"Well, there's this couple going through a crisis. They hate each other, but it's not enough. At one point, she empties the garbage pail on his head while he's sitting reading Pascal."

"Why?"

"Well, they're sensitive people, which puts a special strain on them, and on their marriage, too, I suppose."

"What happens next? What does he do?"

"He throws up his hands."

"I understand there's quite a lot of vomiting in 'Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf?,' too. There's a new vital theatre, they tell me. Out there. Well, come to bed. You look as though you've been pulled through a hedge backward."

She joined me inside of five minutes. I slung an arm around her in the dark and nuzzled her ear. "Marriage is a give-and-take," I said. "Each doing his part, each respecting the other's individuality. I'm sorry those two couldn't make a go of it."

She took my hand and laid it on her brow. "Splitting headache," she said. She was given the expected soothing strokes by way of ministrations. I knew well that Merritt Parkway katzenjammer, the product of fatigue and oncoming headlights, that sets the homebound suburbanite to wondering whether the train wouldn't have been better—just as the New Haven inaugurates the reverse line of thought.

"I love you," I said. "You're a jewel. I love you and I'm going to tie you down with good stout cord and suck out your eyeballs with the muzzle of the vacuum cleaner to show I care. To show I'm not indifferent. What else happens in the play? Are her feelings reciprocated?"

"Tomorrow. I'm too dead now." After a moment, she murmured, "Glad I went, though," stirring pleasurably against me.

"Makes a person appreciate their home more when they get back to it." I yawned, and mumbled, "Love is the ideality of the relativity of the reality of an infinitesimal portion of the absolute totality of the Infinite Being."

"What was that noise?"

"Hegel."

Her breathing became slower, and more measured. But after a few minutes she raised her head and said, "Do I smell smoke?"

"That's the stuff. A woman should smell smoke. When a woman smells smoke, you know everything is all right, everything is in order. You go right on smelling smoke. God, what a doll."

She was soon asleep, and then I turned over and dropped off again myself, as, like a loose hubcap, the old earth spun on toward morning through the perilous and promissory night.

—PETER DE VRIES





"Scout's pace, Malcolm. Thirty paces walk, thirty paces run."

THE WIDOW

DURGA lived downstairs in the house she owned. There was a small central courtyard and many little rooms opening out from it. All her husband's relatives and her own wanted to come and live with her; they saw that it would be very comfortable, and anyway, why pay rent elsewhere when there was that whole house? But she resisted them all. She wouldn't even allow them to live in the upstairs part, but let it out to strangers and took rent and was a landlady. She had learned a lot since she had become a widow and a property owner. No one, not even her elder relatives, could talk her into anything.

Her husband would have been pleased to see her like that. He hated relatives anyway, on principle, and he hated weak women who let themselves be managed and talked into things.

That was what he had always taught her: stand on your own, have a mind, be strong. And he had left her everything. When he had drafted his will, he had cackled with delight, thinking of all his relatives and how angry they would be. His one anxiety had been that she would not be able to stand up to them and that she would give everything over into their hands, and his last energies had been poured into training her, teaching her, making her strong.

She had grown fond of him in those last years—so much so that if it hadn't been for the money and the independent position in which he left her, she would have been sad at losing him. That was a great change from what she had felt at the beginning of her marriage, when, God forgive her, she had prayed every day for him to die. As she had pointed

out in her prayers, he was old and she was young; it was not right. She had hated everyone in those days—not only her husband but her family, too, who had married her to him. She wouldn't speak to anyone. She sat in a little room, unbathed, unkempt, like a woman in mourning. The servant left food for her on a tray and tried to coax her to eat, but she wouldn't—not till she was very hungry indeed, and then she ate grudgingly, cursing each mouthful for keeping her alive.

But the old man was kind to her. He was a strange old man. He didn't seem to expect anything of her at all, except only that she should be there in his house. Sometimes he brought saris and bangles for her, and though at first she pretended she didn't want them, afterward she was pleased and tried them on and admired herself. She often wondered why he should be so kind to her; he wasn't to anyone else. In fact, he was known as a mean, spiteful old man who had made his money (in grain) unscrupulously, pressed his creditors hard, and maliciously refused to support his needy relatives. But with her he was always gentle and even generous, and after a while they got on very well together.

So when he was dead, she almost missed him, and it was only when she reminded herself of other things about him—his old-man smell and his dried legs that she had massaged—that she realized it was better he was gone. She was, after all, still young and healthy and hearty, and now with the money and property he had left her she could lead the life she was entitled to. She kept two servants, got up when she wanted and went to sleep when she wanted; she ate everything she liked and as much as she liked. When she felt like going out, she hired a tonga—and not just any tonga but always a spruce one with shining red leather seats and a well-groomed horse wearing jingling bells, so that people looked round at her as she was driven smartly through the streets.

It was a good life, and she grew plump and smooth with it. Nor did she lack for company; her own family and her husband's were always hovering around her, and now that she had them in the proper frame of mind she quite enjoyed entertaining them. It had taken her some time to get them into that proper frame of mind. In the beginning, when her husband had just died, they had taken it for granted that she was to be treated as the Widow—that is, the cursed one who had committed the sin of outliving her husband and was con-



"Well, of all the nerve!"

sequently to be numbered among the outcasts. They had wanted—yes, indeed they had—to strip her of her silken, colored clothes and of her golden ornaments. The more orthodox among them had even wanted to shave her head, to reduce her diet to stale bread and lentils, and deprive her from ever again tasting the sweet things of life—to condemn her, in fact, to that perpetual mourning and perpetual expiation that was the proper lot of widows.

There had been a struggle, of course, but the outcome was not long in doubt. And now it was accepted that she should be mistress of what was hers and rule her household and wear her fine clothes and eat her fine foods. In return, out of her abundance, she would toss crumbs to them, let them sit in her house and entertain her when she felt like being entertained, listen to their importunities for money, and sometimes perhaps—not out of pity or affection but just as the whim took her—even do them little favors and be praised and thanked for them. She was queen, and they knew it.

But even a queen's life does not bring perfect satisfaction always, and there were days and even weeks at a time when she felt she had not been dealt with as she had a right to expect. She could never say exactly what had been left out but only that something *had* been left out and that somehow, somewhere she had been shortchanged. And when this realization came over her, she fell into a black mood and ate and slept more than ever—not for pleasure but compulsively, sunk in sloth and greed because soft beds and foods were all that life had given to her. At such times, she turned her relatives away from her house, and those who nevertheless wheedled their way in had to sit respectfully silent round her bed while she groaned and heaved like a sick woman.

There was one old aunt, known by everyone as Bhuaji, who always managed to wheedle her way in, whatever Durga's mood. She was a tough, shrewd old woman, small and frail in appearance and with a cast in one eye, which made it seem as if she was constantly peeping round the next corner to see what advantage lay there. When Durga's black mood was on her, it was Bhuaji who presided at the bedside, saw to it that the others kept suitably mournful faces, and, at every groan of Durga's, fell into loud exclamations of pity at her sufferings. When Durga finally got tired of all these faces gathered round her and, turning her back



"How are you at digging tunnels?"

on them, told them to go away and never come back to be a torture and a burden to her, then it was again Bhuaji who saw to it that they left in haste and good order, on compassionate tiptoe. After locking the door behind them all, she would come back to sit with Durga and encourage her not only to groan but to weep and to unburden herself.

Only, what was there of which she could unburden herself? She brought out broken sentences, broken complaints and accusations, but there was nothing she could quite lay her finger on. Bhuaji, always eager and ready to comfort with the right words, would point out how cruelly fate had dealt with her in depriving her of what was every woman's right—a husband and children. But Durga would cry no, no, that was not it, that was not what she wanted. She looked scornful, thinking of those women who did have husbands and children: her sisters and her cousins—thin, shabby, overworked, and overburdened. Was there anything to envy in their lot? On the contrary, it was they who should and did envy Durga. She could read it in their eyes when they looked at her and saw her all smooth and well fed and dressed in her gold and silks and

owning everything that they could never even dream for.

Then, gradually, Bhuaji began to talk to her of God. Durga knew about God, of course. One had to worship Him in the temple and also perform certain rites, such as bathing in the river when there was an eclipse, and one had to give food to the holy men and observe fast days. One did all these things so that no harm would befall, and everybody did them and had always done them—that was God. But Bhuaji talked differently. She talked about Him as if He were a person one could get to know, like someone who would come and visit in the house and sit and talk and drink tea. She spoke of Him mostly as Krishna—sometimes as the baby Krishna and sometimes as the lover Krishna. She had many stories to tell about Krishna—all the old stories that Durga knew well, for she had heard them since she was a child. But Bhuaji told them as if they were new and had happened only yesterday and in the neighborhood. And Durga sat up on her bed and laughed. "No, really, he did that?"

"Yes, yes, really. He stole the butter and licked it with his fingers and he

teased the young girls and pulled their hair and kissed them. Oh, he was such a naughty boy!"

Durga rocked herself to and fro with her hands clasped before her face, laughing in delight. "How naughty!" she cried. "What a bad, bad boy, bless his heart!"

But when they came to the lover Krishna, then she sat quite still and looked very attentive and thoughtful, with her mouth a little open and her eyes fixed on Bhuaji's face. She didn't say much, just listened, but sometimes she would ask, in a low voice, "He was very handsome?"

"Oh, very," said Bhuaji, and she described him all over again—lotus eyes and brows like strung bows and a throat like a conch. Durga couldn't form much of a picture from that, but never mind, she made her own, formed it secretly in her mind as she sat there listening to Bhuaji, and grew more and more thoughtful, more and more silent.

Bhuaji went on to tell her about Krishna's devotees and the rich rewards granted to those whose hearts were open and ready to receive him. As Durga avidly listened, Bhuaji narrated the life of Maya Devi, who had retired from the world and built herself a little hut on the banks of the Ganges, there to pass her days with the baby Krishna, whom she had made her child and to whom she talked all day as to a real child. She had played with him and cooked for him, bathed his image and dressed it and put it to sleep at night and woke it up with a kiss in the morning. And then there was Pushpa Devi, for whom so many advantageous offers had come but who rejected them all because she said she was wedded already, to Krishna, and he alone was her lord and her lover. Pushpa Devi had lived with him in spirit, toyed with him and laughed with him and served him his food, and sometimes in the nights her family could hear her screams of joy as she lay with him in their marital rite and gave him her soul.

Durga bought two little brass images of Krishna—one of him playing the flute, the other of the baby Krishna crawling on all fours, with a grown-up face and his mouth open. She gave them special prominence on her little prayer table and paid her devotions to him three times a day, always waiting for him to come alive for her and be all that Bhuaji promised he would be. Sometimes when she was alone at night or lay on her bed in the hot, silent afternoons, her thoughts dwelling on Krishna, she felt strange new stirrings within her that were almost like illness, with a tugging

in the bowels and a melting in the thighs. She trembled and wondered whether this was Krishna descending on her, as Bhuaji promised he would, showing her his passion, creeping into her—ah, great God that he was!—like a child or a lover into her womb and into her breasts.

She became dreamy and withdrawn, so that her relatives, quick to note this change, felt freer to come and go as they

pleased and to sit around her house and talk and drink tea with a lot of milk and sugar in it. Bhuaji, indeed, was there almost all the time. She had even brought a bundle of clothes and often stayed all day and all night, only scurrying off to have a quick look at her own household, with her own old husband in it, and coming back within the hour. Durga suspected that on these home excursions of hers Bhuaji went well provided with little stocks of rice and lentils and whatever other provisions she could filch from the kitchen store. But Durga hardly cared, and was, at any rate, in no frame of mind to make a scene and as-

MUSIC ON THE MOON

The pianos on the moon are so long

The pianist's

Hand

Must be fifteen fingers strong.

The violins on the moon

Are so

Violent

They have to be sunk

In deep wells and then only

Seem to be silent.

The bassoons on the moon

Blow

No notes

But huge

Blue loons that flap slowly away

With undulating throats.

Of a trumpet on the moon you can never hear enough,

Because

It puffs the trumpeter up

Like a balloon

And he floats off.

Double basses on the moon are a risk, all right;

At the first note,

Enormous

Black

Hands

Appear and carry away everything

Out of sight.

Even a triangle on the moon

Is risky.

One ping and there's your head—

A half

Bottle of Irish Whiskey.

On the whole it's best

To stick

To the moon's drums.

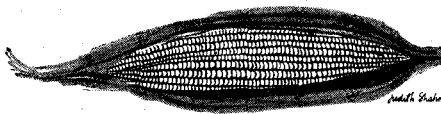
Whatever damage they do is so

Far

Off in space

The news never comes.

—TED HUGHES



sert herself. And when Bhuaji or the other relatives asked for money, as often as not she gave, quite absently taking out her keys to unlock the steel cabinet in which she kept her cashbox, while they greedily watched her.

At such moments, she often thought of her husband and of what he would say if he could see her yielding to these relatives and allowing them to do what he had warned her against. She could almost imagine him getting angry—hear his shrill old man's voice and see him shaking his fist so that the sleeve of his *kurta* flapped and showed his plucked, dried arm trembling inside. But she did not care about his anger. It was *her* life, *her* money, she sullenly answered him, and she could let herself be exploited if she wished. Why should he, a dead old man, dictate his wishes to her, who was alive and healthy and a devotee of Krishna's? She found herself thinking of her husband with dislike. It was as if she bore him some grudge, though she did not know for what.

The relatives sat in the house and got bolder and bolder, until they were giving their own orders to the servants and complaining about the quality of the tea. It was at about this time that the tenants upstairs gave notice—an event that brought great excitement into the lives of the relatives, who then spent many happy hours apportioning the vacant flat out among themselves. (Bhuaji, of course, was going to move her old husband into one room, and she left the others to fight for the remaining space.) But here suddenly Durga showed herself quite firm again; tenants meant rent, and she had no intention, not even to spite her husband, of sacrificing a regular monthly income. So only a few days after the old tenants moved out, while the relatives were still disputing among themselves as to how the place was to be apportioned, a new family of tenants moved in, consisting of Mr. Puri, a municipal tax inspector, and his wife, two daughters, and a son. Their belongings were carried upstairs, to the loud cries and protests of the relatives. Durga turned a deaf ear, even to the



"He is stewed. Now he's worried about the Mets getting the Bomb."

plaints of Bhuaji, who had already brought her husband and her household chattels along and now had to take them back again.

DURGA had been worshipping her two images for some weeks now, but nothing of what Bhuaji had promised seemed to be happening to her. She tried so hard, lying on her bed and thinking of Krishna and straining to reproduce that wave of love she had almost experienced at first, but either it did not return or came only as a weak echo of what it had been. She was unsatisfied, and felt that much had been promised and little given. Once, after she had prayed for a long time before the two images, she turned away and suddenly kicked at the leg of a chair and hurt her toe. And sometimes, in the middle of doing something—sorting the laundry or folding a sari—she would suddenly throw it aside with an impatient gesture and walk away frowning.

She spent a lot of time sitting on a string cot in her courtyard, not doing anything or thinking anything in particular, just sitting there, feeling heavy and too fat and wondering what there was in life to justify one's living it. When her relatives came to visit her, she as often as not told them to go away—even Bhuaji; she did not feel like talking or listening to any of them. But now there were new people, the tenants, to stake a claim to her attention. The

courtyard was overlooked by a veranda, which ran the length of the flat upstairs. On this veranda, Mrs. Puri would frequently appear, leaning her arms on the balustrade and shouting down in friendly conversation. Durga did not encourage her and answered as dryly as politeness permitted, but Mrs. Puri was a friendly woman and persisted, appearing two or three times a day to comment to Durga on the state of the weather and the price of vegetables. After a while, she even began to exercise the prerogative of a neighbor and to ask for little loans of food; one day she would run out of lentils, a second out of flour, a third out of sugar. In return, when she cooked a special dish or made pickle, she would send down for Durga, thus establishing a nice neighborly traffic, which Durga had not wished for but was too lethargic to discourage.

Then one day Mrs. Puri sent some ginger pickle down with her son. He appeared hesitantly in the courtyard, holding a glass jar carefully between two hands. Durga was lying drowsily on her cot. Her eyes were shut and perhaps she was even half asleep. The boy stood and looked down at her, not knowing what to do, lightly coughing to draw her attention. Her eyes opened and stared up at him. He was perhaps seventeen years old, a boy with large black eyes and broad shoulders and cheeks already dark with growth. Durga lay and stared up at him, seeing

nothing but his young face looming above her. He looked back at her, uncertain, tried to smile, and blushed. Then at last she sat up and adjusted her sari, which had slipped down from her breasts. His eyes modestly lowered, he held the jar of pickle out to her as if in appeal.

"Your mother sent this?"

He nodded briefly and, placing the jar on the floor by her cot, quickly turned to go. Just as he was about to disappear through the door leading out from the courtyard, she called him back, and he stopped and stood facing her, waiting. It was some time before she spoke, and then all she could think to say was "Please thank your mother." He disappeared before she could call him back again.

Durga had become rather slovenly in her habits lately, but that evening she dressed herself up in one of her better saris and went to call on Mrs. Puri upstairs. A visit from the landlady was considered of some importance, so Mrs. Puri, who had been soaking raw mangoes, left this work, wiped her hands on the end of her sari, and settled Durga in the sitting room. The sitting room was not very grand; it had only a cane table in it and some cane stools and a few cheap bazaar pictures on the white-washed walls. Durga sat in the only chair in the room, a velvet armchair from which the velvet had been rubbed bare in many places and which smelled of old, damp clothes.

Mrs. Puri's two daughters sat on the floor, stitching a quilt together out of many old pieces. They were plain girls with heavy features and bad complexions. Mr. Puri evidently was out, and his wife soon dwelt on that subject. Every night, she said, he sat at some friend's house; goodness knows what they did, sitting, sitting like that. What could they have so much to talk about? And wasting money smoking cigarettes and chewing betel, while she sat at home with her daughters, poor girls, and wasn't it high time good husbands were found for them? But what did Mr. Puri care? He had thought only of his own enjoyment, his family was nothing to him. And Govind the same—"Govind?"

"My son. He, too. Only cinema for him, and laughing with friends."

She had much to complain about and evidently did not often have someone whom she could complain to, so she made the most of Durga. The two plain daughters listened placidly, stitching their quilt; only when their mother mentioned the urgent necessity of finding husbands for them—as she did at

frequent intervals and as a sort of capping couplet to each particular complaint—did they exchange sly glances and titter behind their hands.

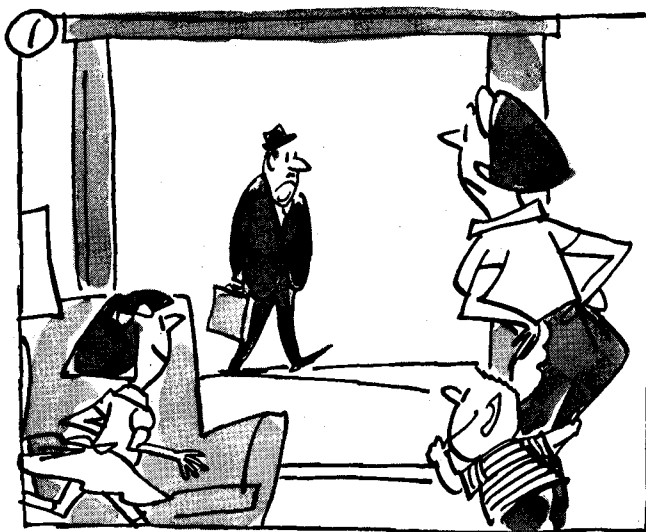
It took Durga some time before she could disengage herself, and when she finally did, Mrs. Puri accompanied her to the stairs, carrying her burden of complaint right over into her farewell and even pursuing Durga with it as she picked her way down the steep, narrow stone stairs. Just as Durga had reached the bottom, Govind appeared in front of her, and his mother shouted down to him, "Is this a time to come home for your meal?"

Durga passed him in the tight space between the doorway and the first step. She was so close to him that she could feel his warmth and hear his breath. Mrs. Puri shouted down the stairs, "Running here and there all day like a loafer!"

Durga could see his eyes gleaming in the dark, and he could see hers. For a moment they looked at each other. Durga said, in a low voice, "Your mother is angry with you," and then he was already halfway up the stairs.

Later, slowly unwinding herself from her sari and staring at herself in the mirror, she thought about her husband. Again, and stronger than ever, she had that feeling of dislike for him, that grudge against the useless, dead old man. It was eighteen or nineteen years now since they had married her to him. If he had been capable, wouldn't she have had a son like Govind now—a strong, healthy, handsome boy with big shoulders and his beard just growing? She smiled at the thought, full of tenderness, and, forgetting her husband, thought instead how it would be if Govind were her son. She would not treat him as his mother did—would never reproach him, shout at him down the stairs. On the contrary, she would encourage him in all his pleasures, so that, first thing when he came home, he would call to her—"Mama!"—and they would sit together affectionately, more like brother and sister, or even two friends, than like mother and son, while he told her everything that had happened to him during the day.

She stepped closer to the mirror, her sari lying carelessly where it had fallen



round her feet, and looked at herself, drawing her hand over her skin. Yes, she was still soft and smooth, and who could see the tiny little lines, no more than shadows, that lay round her eyes and at the corners of her mouth? How fine her eyes still were, how large and black, and how they shone! And her hair, too—she unwound it from its pins, and it dropped down slowly, heavy and black and sleek with oil and not one gray hair in it.

As she stood there, looking at herself in nothing but her short blouse and her waist-petticoat, with her hair down, suddenly another image appeared behind her in the mirror—an old woman, gray and shabby and squinting and with an ingratiating smile on her face. "I am not disturbing?" Bhuaji said.

Durga bent down to pick up her sari. She began to fold it, but Bhuaji took it from her and did it far more deftly, the tip of her tongue eagerly protruding from her mouth.

"Why did you come?" Durga said, watching her. Bhuaji made no reply, but went on folding the sari, and when she had finished she smoothed it ostentatiously on both sides. Durga lay down on the bed. She found she was quite glad that Bhuaji had come to see her.

"How long is it since they married me?" she asked.

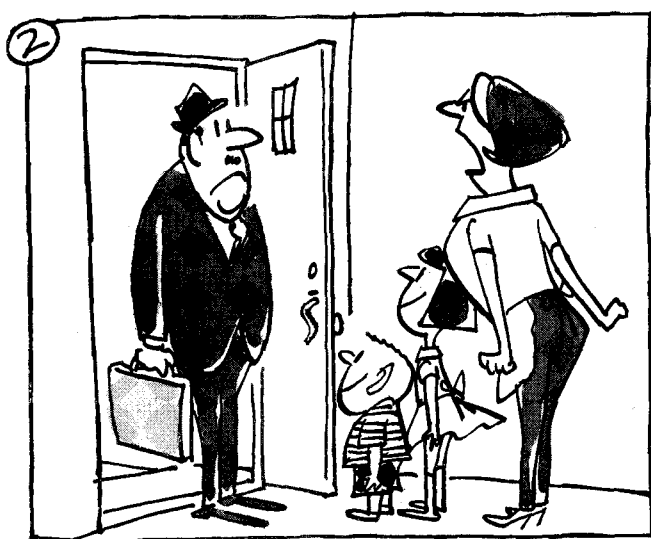
"Let me see," Bhuaji said. She squatted by the side of the bed and began to massage Durga's legs. "Is it fifteen years, sixteen?"

"No, eighteen."

Bhuaji nodded in agreement, her lips mumbling as she worked something out in her head, her hands still skillfully massaging.

"Eighteen years," Durga said reflectively. "I could have been—"

"Yes, a grandmother by now," said



"Don't come in this house if you can't be cheerful!"

Bhuaji, smiling widely with her empty gums.

Durga suddenly pushed the soothing, massaging hands away and sat upright. "Leave me alone! Why do you come here? Who called you?"

INSTEAD of sitting in her courtyard, Durga was now often to be found pacing up and down by the door that led to the staircase. When Govind came down, she always had a word for him. At first, he was shy with her, and he left her as quickly as possible; sometimes he waited for her to go away before he came down or went up. But she was patient with him. She understood and even sympathized with his shyness. He was young, awkward like a child, and didn't know how much good she meant him. But she persevered. She would ask him questions like "You go often to the cinema?" or "What are you studying?," to prove to him how interested she was in him, interested like a mother or a favorite aunt, and ready to talk on any topic with him.

And slowly he responded. Instead of dashing away, he began to stand still at the bottom of the steps and answer her questions, at first in monosyllables, but soon, when his interest was stirred, at greater length, and finally at such great length that it seemed pointless to go on standing there in that dark, cramped space when he could go into her house and sit there with her and drink almond sherbet. He kept on talking and told her everything—who his friends were, who his favorite film stars were, his wish to go abroad, his ambition to become an aircraft engineer. She listened and watched him while he spoke; she watched and watched him,

her eyes fixed on his face. When he smiled, two little creases appeared in his cheeks. His teeth were large and white, his hair sprang from a point on his forehead. Everything about him was young and fresh and succulent—even his smell, which was that of a young animal full of sap and strength.

She loved to do little things for him: at first only ply him with almond sherbet and sweetmeats, of which he could take great quantities, later to give him money. She began with small amounts—a rupee here and there—but then went on to five- and even ten-rupee notes. He wanted money so badly, and his parents gave him so little. It was wrong to keep a boy short of money, when he needed a lot, for treating his friends, for his surreptitious cigarettes, for T shirts and jeans such as he saw other boys wearing.

It became so that he got into the habit of asking her for whatever he wanted. How could she refuse? On the contrary, she was glad and proud to give, if only to see the look of happiness on his face, his eyes shining at the thought of what he was going to buy, his smile that brought little creases into his cheeks. At such moments, she was warm and sick with mother's love; she longed to cradle his head and stroke his hair. He was her son, her child.

That was exactly what his mother told her: "He is your son also, your child." Mrs. Puri was glad to see Durga take such an interest in the boy. She taught him to say thank you for everything that Durga gave him and to call her Auntie. She made pickle very often and sent it down in jars. She also came down herself and talked to Durga for hours on end—about Mr. Puri, about

her household expenses, about Govind, who wanted to become an aircraft engineer, about her two daughters, who needed husbands and dowries. Everything cost money, and where was it all to come from? Mr. Puri's salary as municipal tax inspector was small—a hundred and seventy-five rupees a month, plus dearness allowance—and he spent a lot on betel and cigarettes and other pleasures. And what was to become of her poor children? Such good children they were, as anyone who took an interest in them was bound to find out. They needed a helping hand in life, that was all. Her boy, and her two girls who ought to have been married a year ago. She sent the girls down quite often, but Durga always sent them quickly back up again.

Toward the beginning of each month, when the rent was due, Govind came every day with pickle, and after a while Mrs. Puri would follow him. Dabbing with her sari at the corner of her eye, she would give an exact account of her monthly expenditures, what her debts were and what she had in hand, so that Durga could see for herself how impossible it was to impose any demand for rent on such an overburdened budget. And though Durga at first tried to ignore these complaints, it became more and more difficult, and in the end she always had to say, with as good a grace as she could muster, that she would not mind waiting a few days longer. After which Mrs. Puri dried her eyes and the subject of rent was not mentioned again between them until the first week of the following month, when the whole procedure was repeated. In this way, several months' rent accumulated—a fact that

would have surprised Durga's previous tenants, who had not found her by any means so lenient a landlady.

The relatives were much alarmed at this growing friendship with the Puris. What need had Durga to befriend strangers when there were all those relatives of her own, to whom she was bound in blood and duty? They became very indignant with her, but they had to keep a check on their tongues, for Durga was very short-tempered with them these days and, if they touched on subjects or expressed moods not to her liking, was quicker than ever to show them the door. Something obviously had to be said, and it was Bhuaji, with her usual boldness and tact, who took it upon herself to say it.

She began by praising Govind. A good boy, she said—that she could see at a glance—respectful and well-mannered, just the sort of boy whom one ought to encourage and help on in life. She had nothing at all against Govind. But his mother, now, and his sisters—and Bhuaji, looking sidewise at Durga, sadly shook her head. Alas, she knew women like that only too well; she had come across too many of them to be taken in by their soft speech. Greedy and shameless, that was what they were, with their one aim to fasten upon and wring whatever advantage they could out of noblehearted people like Durga. It was they, said Bhuaji, coming closer and whispering behind her hand as if afraid Mrs. Puri would hear from upstairs, who incited the boy to come down and ask for money and new clothes, just as a feeler and to see how far they could go. Let Durga wait and in a short time she would see. Saris they would ask for, not ten-rupee notes but hundred-rupee ones, household furniture, a radio, a costly carpet, and they would not rest until they had possessed themselves not only of the upstairs part of the house but of the downstairs part as well, and made themselves mistresses of this valuable property.

Just then, Govind passed the door, and Durga called out to him. When he came, she asked, "Where are you going?" and then she stroked the shirt he was wearing, saying, "I think it is time you had another new bush shirt."

"A silk one," he said, which made Durga smile and reply, in a soft, promising voice, "We will see," while poor Bhuaji stood by and could only squint and painfully smile.

One day, Bhuaji went upstairs. She said to Mrs. Puri, "Don't let your boy

go downstairs so much. She is a healthy woman and young in her thoughts."

Mrs. Puri chose to take offense. She said her boy was a good boy, and Durga was like another mother to him. Bhuaji squinted and laid her finger by the side of her nose, as one who could tell more if she but chose. This made Mrs. Puri very angry and she began to shout about how much evil thought there was in the world today, so that even pure actions were misinterpreted and made impure. Her two daughters, though they did not know what it was all about, also looked indignant. Mrs. Puri said she was proud of her son's friendship with Durga; it showed he was better than all those other boys, who thought of nothing but their own pleasures and never cared to listen to the wisdom they could learn from their elders. She looked from her veranda down into the courtyard, where Govind sat with Durga and was trying to persuade her to buy him a motor scooter. Bhuaji also looked down, and she bit her lip so that no angry word could escape her.

Durga loved to have Govind sitting with her like that. She had no intention of buying him a motor scooter, which would take more money than she cared to disburse, but she loved to hear him talk about it. His eyes gleamed and his hair tumbled into his face as he told her about the beautiful motor scooter possessed by his friend Ram, which had many shiny fittings and a seat at the back on which Ram gave rides to his friends. He leaned forward and came closer in his eagerness to impart his passion to her. He was completely carried away—"It does forty miles per hour, as good as any motorcar!"—and looked splendid, full of strength and energy.

Durga laid her hand on his knee, and he didn't notice. "I have something for you inside," she said in a low, hoarse voice.

He followed her into the room and stood behind her while she fumbled with her keys at her steel cabinet. Her hand was shaking, so that she could not turn the key easily. When she did, she took something from under a pile of clothes and held it out to him. "For you," she said. It was a penknife. He was disappointed. He lowered his eyes and said, "It is nice," in a sullen, indifferent voice. Then he looked up again and wetted his lips with his tongue and said, "Only twelve hundred rupees, just slightly used. It is a chance in a million"—looking past her into the cabinet, where he knew there was a little safe in which she

kept her cash. But already she had locked it and was fastening the key to the string at her waist. He suddenly reached out and held her hand with the key in it. "Twelve hundred rupees," he said, in a whisper as low and hoarse as hers had been.

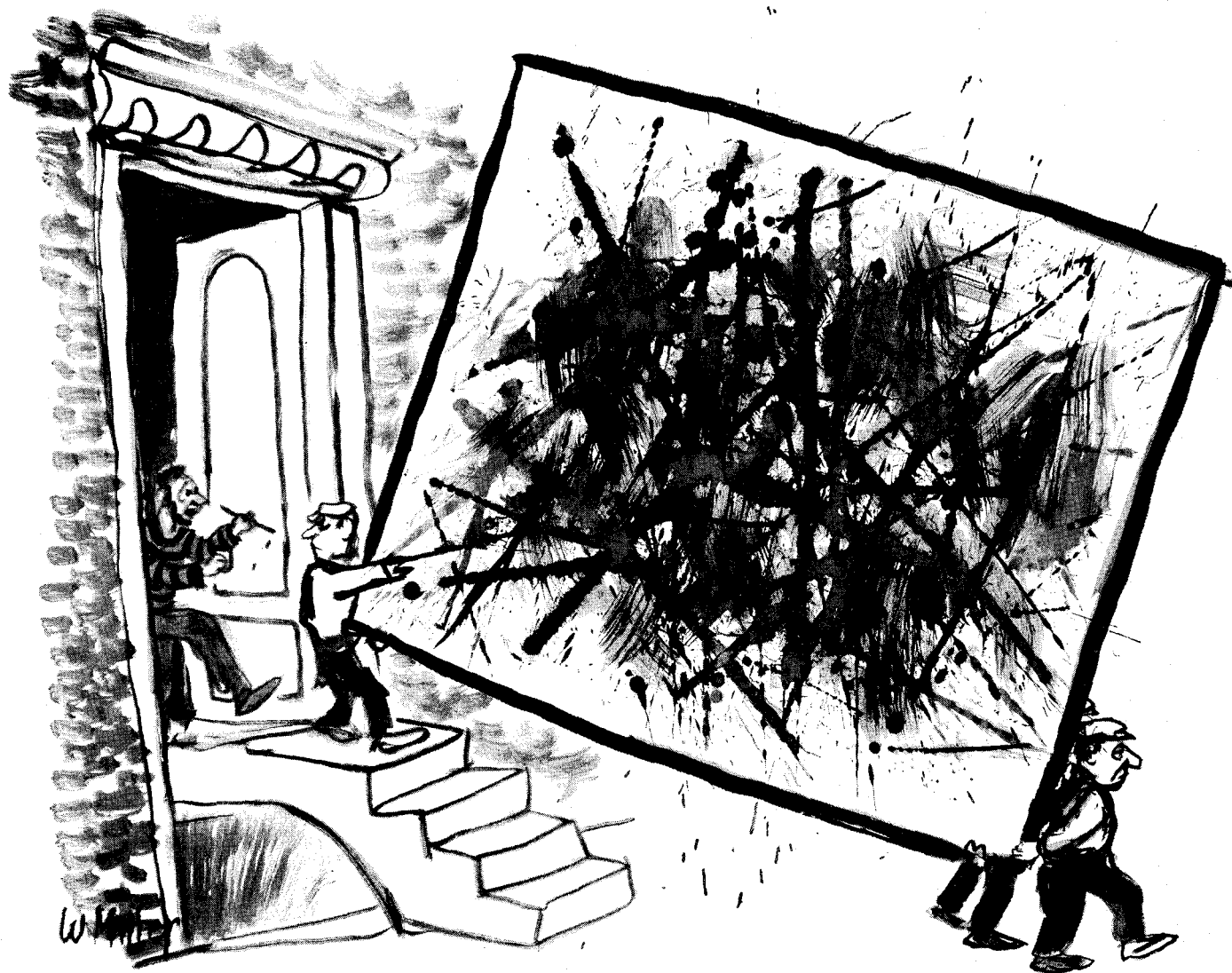
When she felt him so close to her, so eager, so young, so passionate, and his hand actually holding hers, she shivered all over and her heart leaped up in her, and next thing she was sobbing. "If you knew," she cried, "how empty my life has been, how lonely!" and the tears flowed down her face. He let go of her hand and stepped backward, and then backward again as she followed him, till he was brought up short by her bed, which he could feel pressing against the back of his knees as he stood pinned between it and her.

She was talking fast, about how alone she was and there was no one to care for. Yet she was young still, she told him. She invited him to look, look down into her face. Wasn't it a young face still, and full and plump? And the rest of her, too, all full and plump, and when she was dressed nicely in one of her best saris with a low-necked blouse, then who would know that she wasn't a young girl or at least a young woman in the very prime of her life? And she was good, too, she told him—generous and good and ready to do everything, give everything for those she loved. Only who was there whom she could love with all the fervor of which her heart was capable? In her excitement, she pushed against him so that he fell backward and sat down abruptly on her bed. At once, she was sitting next to him, very close, her hand on his. If he knew, she said, what a store of love there was in her, ready and bursting and brimming in her!

"I want a motor scooter, that's all," he said, in a hurt, grieved voice, trembling with tears like a child.

THAT was the last time he came down to see her. Afterward, he would hardly talk to her at all. Even when she lay in wait for him by the stairs, he would brush hurriedly past her, silent and with averted face. Once, she called after him, "Come in, we will talk about the motor scooter!" but all she got by way of reply was "It is sold already," tossed over his shoulder as he ran upstairs. She was in despair and cried often and bitterly; there was a pain right in her heart, such as she had never experienced before. She longed to die and yet at the same time she felt herself most burningly alive. She visited Mrs. Puri several times and stayed for





"Wait! I forgot my John Hancock!"

some hours. Mrs. Puri, as usual, talked a lot, and in the usual strain, and kept pointing out how her children were Durga's, too, while the two daughters simpered. Evidently, she knew nothing of what had happened and assumed that everything was as it had been.

But, Durga soon learned, Mrs. Puri knew very well that everything was not as it had been. Not only did she know, but it was she herself who had brought about the change. It was she who, out of evil and spite, had stopped Govind from coming downstairs and had forbidden him ever to speak to Durga again. All this Durga learned from Bhuaji one hot afternoon as she lay tossing on her bed, alternately talking, weeping, and falling into silent fits of despair. She had no more secrets from Bhuaji; she needed someone before whom she could unburden herself—and who more fit for that purpose than the always available, always sympathetic Bhuaji? So she lay on her bed and cried, "A son, that is all I want—

a son!" And Bhuaji was soothing and understood perfectly. Of course Durga wanted a son; it was only natural, for had not God set maternal feelings to flow sweetly in every woman's breast? And now, said Bhuaji angrily, to have that God-given flow stopped in its course by the machinations of a mean-hearted, jealous, selfish woman—and so it all came out. It was a revelation to Durga. Her tears ceased and she sat up on her bed. She imagined Govind suffering under the restraint laid upon him and yearning for Durga and all her kindness. There was sorrow upstairs and sorrow downstairs. She sat very upright on the bed. After a while, she turned her face toward Bhuaji, and her lips were tight and her eyes flashed. She said, "We will see whose son he is."

She waited for him by the stairs. He came late that night, but still she went on waiting. She was patient and almost calm. She could hear sounds from upstairs—a clatter of buckets, water running, Mrs. Puri scolding her daugh-

ters. At the sound of that voice, hatred swelled in Durga, so that she was tempted to leave her post and run upstairs to confront her enemy. But she checked herself and remained standing downstairs, calm and resolute and waiting. She would not be angry. This was not the time for anger.

She heard him before she saw him. He was humming a little tune to himself. Probably he had been to see a film with friends, and now he was singing a lyric from it. He sounded gay and lighthearted. She peeped out from the dark doorway and saw him clearly just under the lamppost outside the house. He was wearing an orange T shirt, which she had given him and which clung closely to him, so that his broad chest and his nipples were outlined. His black jeans, too, fitted tight as a glove over his plump young buttocks. She edged herself as close as she could against the wall. When he entered the doorway, she whispered his name. He stopped singing at once. She talked fast,

in a low, urgent voice: "Come with me. What do your parents ever do for you?"

He shuffled his feet and looked down at them in the dark.

"With me you will have everything—a motor scooter—"

"It is sold."

"A new one, a brand-new one! And also you can study to be an aircraft engineer, anything you wish—"

"Is that you, Son?" Mrs. Puri called from upstairs.

Durga held fast to his arm. "Don't answer," she whispered.

"Govind! Is that boy come home at last?" And the two plain sisters echoed, "Govind!"

"I can do so much for you," Durga whispered. "And what can they do?"

"Coming, Ma!" he called.

"Everything I have is for you—"

"You and your father both the same!" shouted Mrs. Puri. "All night we have to wait for you to come and eat your food!"

Durga said, "I have no one, no one." She was stroking his arm, which was smooth and muscular and matted with long, silky hair.

Mrs. Puri appeared at the top of the stairs. "Just let me catch that boy! I will twist his ears for him!"

"You hear her, how she speaks to you?" whispered Durga with a flicker of triumph. But Govind wrenched his arm free and bounded up the stairs toward his mother.

It did not take Bhuaji long after that to persuade Durga to get rid of her tenants. There were all those months of rent unpaid, and besides, who wanted such evil-natured people in the house? Bhuaji's son-in-law had connections with the police, and it was soon arranged. A constable stood downstairs while the Puris' belongings—the velvet armchair, an earthenware waterpot, two weeping daughters carrying bedding—slowly descended. Durga did not see them. She was sitting inside before the little prayer table on which stood her two Krishnas. She was unbathed and in an old, crumpled sari, with her hair undone. Her relatives sat outside in the courtyard with their belongings scattered around them, ready to move in upstairs. Bhuaji's old hus-

band sat on his little bundle and had a nap in the sun.

"Only pray," Bhuaji whispered into Durga's ear. "With prayer, He will come to you." Durga's eyes were shut; perhaps she was asleep. "As a son and as a lover," Bhuaji whispered. The relatives talked gaily among themselves outside; they were in a good, almost a festive, mood.

It seemed Durga was not asleep after all, for suddenly she got up and unlocked her steel cabinet. She took out everything—her silk saris, her jewelry, her cashbox. From time to time, she smiled to herself. She was thinking of her husband and of his anger, his impotent anger, at thus seeing everything given away at last. The more she thought of him, the more vigorously she emptied her cabinet. Her arms worked with a will, flinging everything away in abandon; her sari slipped down, her hair fell into her face. Her treasure lay scattered in heaps and mounds all over the floor, and Bhuaji squinted at it in avid surmise.

"Take it away. It is for you and for them," Durga said, jerking her head toward the courtyard, where the relatives twittered like birds. Bhuaji was already squatting on the floor, sorting everything, stroking it with her hands in love and wonder. As she did so, she murmured approvingly to Durga, "That is the way—to give up everything. Only if we give up everything will He come to us." She went on murmuring, while stroking the fine silks and running hard gold necklaces through her fingers. "As a son and as a lover," she murmured over and over again, but absently.

The relatives were glad that Durga had at last come round and accepted her lot as a widow. They were glad for her sake. There was no other way for widows but to lead humble, bare lives; it was for their own good. For if they were allowed to feed themselves on the pleasures of the world, then they fed their own passions, too, and that which should have died in them with the death of their husbands would fester and boil and overflow into sinful channels. Oh, yes, said the relatives, wise and knowing, nodding their heads, our ancestors knew what they were doing when they laid down these rigid rules for widows. Nowadays, perhaps, in these modern times, one could be a little more lenient—for instance, no one would insist that Durga shave her head—still, on the whole, the closer one followed the old traditions, the safer and better it was.

—R. PRAWER JHABVALA



"How's the wife, the children, and the flock?"

OUR FAR~FLUNG CORRESPONDENTS

THE IRON, THE CHARCOAL, THE WOODS

LAST summer, I indulged a long-held wish: I lived by myself in a cabin in the woods. This sounds like Thoreau, but, in truth, it wasn't. My sojourn lasted two and a half months, as against his two years, and I was well supplied by a neighboring supermarket. Yet I was alone with the birds and trees, and I did learn something of the ever-changing forest—or, at least, one special part of it. I was on a wooded plateau about a hundred miles north of New York City, near the spot where New York State, Connecticut, and Massachusetts meet—a region that in the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries was a center of the nation's iron industry. Salisbury, Connecticut, the township in which my cabin stood (and which had been my boyhood home), had sometimes been called the American Birmingham; it had been a main source of guns and other munitions in the Revolution, the War of 1812, and the Civil War. In those days, charcoal, not coal, was used to smelt iron ore, and the woods of my plateau had been cut over again and again to obtain it. There were settlements on the plateau then, and many roads and other works of man. All this had stopped, though, and the trees had grown back over the scars. That page of history is now almost forgotten, but there are traces of it still—in old roads, in old stonework, in peculiarities of the forest—and I explored these as the summer passed.

My cabin was built as a hunting lodge and hideaway by two Navy enlisted men in the late nineteen-forties, but over the years it had passed to other owners, who now lend it or rent it to stray occupants like me. It is a substantial frame job—only one room, but a spacious room, with two stoves and five big windows—and it stands on a bank above a cold and babbling brook. All in all, it made an excellent pad, and it was there gratuitously, out of the blue. The plateau, which takes up about fifty square miles, is known officially as the Taconic Range, but the Connecticut part is generally called Mount Riga, and its woodsmen inhabitants—now, alas, a vanishing race—have long been known as Raggies. (Government maps apply the name "Mount Riga" only to a small peak at the southern edge of the



Riga plateau, but this is not the current usage of the region. As for the seemingly Latvian name itself, nobody really knows where it came from.) The plateau is a familiar sight to many who drive northward from New York. It stands on your right if you drive up between Millerton and Hillsdale, and on your left if you go from Salisbury to South Egremont, on the way to Great Barrington. From either side, it has the look of a stage backdrop, as if it were a single range of peaks; actually, there are two ranges, and between them lie troughs and flatland, perhaps a thousand feet above the skirting highways. The three states meet on the plateau's western side, not far from the New York hamlet of Boston Corners (so named because it was once the corner of Massachusetts, or the Boston state). The area around that meeting point is stable and quiet now, but it wasn't always so, according to what I have read. In Colonial times, Connecticut and Massachusetts, both of which derived from the Massachusetts Bay Colony, agreed to a certain extent on their boundary, but Massachusetts could not agree with New York, which was Dutch in origin and laid out on the radically different manorial system. In the seventeenth century, New York claimed territory lying far east of the present border—as far as the Connecticut River—while Massachusetts claimed territory lying as far west as the Pacific, or whatever else

might terminate the land in that direction. In 1686, Robert Livingston was granted Livingston Manor, in New York—a vast tract running eastward from the Hudson above Poughkeepsie. He and Philip Livingston, his son and heir, were aggressive landlords. They had a constabulary of their own, and they are said to have made life hard for people of Connecticut or Massachusetts affiliation on and around the Taconic Range—forcibly collecting rents from them, or, failing that, burning them out and driving off their cattle. Bloodshed and death were common in these disputes, one reads today, and the borderland township of Ancram, now in New York, was said until recently to be haunted as a result by ghosts called the Ancram Screechers.

For many years, there was a protracted and intricate series of negotiations over the state borders,

and it was not until 1853 that the last of the three boundaries was permanently fixed. In the interim, the area around Boston Corners was a no man's land, where miscreants could play a game of prisoner's base; they called it "dodging the line." Murderers, counterfeiters, and others are said to have dodged the line there for long periods. As late as October 12, 1853, an illegal bare-knuckle fight was held at Boston Corners between John Morrissey and Yankee Sullivan. It was an age when fights often took place on rafts or other hard-to-police bits of territory, and Boston Corners filled the bill.

These facts I learned toward the end of my summer. At its beginning, even though my cabin was little over a mile from the three-state junction, I was not mindful of such things but was concentrating on my own survival—or, at least, comfort. Last June was cool throughout that region, and it was especially cool where I was. The whole plateau is colder than the neighboring lowlands; the snow is deeper there in winter, the skating begins earlier in the fall. Then, the brook, fed by springs in the granite mountains, made my part of it colder still, and, above all, the shade made it cold. Although the forest there had been cut for charcoal in the past, it had long since grown in again and closed the canopy, as the foresters say. Now on the best of days it let only a few bright dapples of sunlight down onto its

floor. The scene by my cabin was somewhat like one in the twilight jungles of Malaya or the Congo, and it took getting used to. In the mornings, I would stay inside the cabin, writing, and I might wear one, two, three, or even four sweaters. In the afternoons, I would cut wood or do something else out-of-doors, and then I might get reasonably warm; if I got warm enough, I would almost enjoy the quick bath I took, around teatime, in the icy stream. In the evenings, I would read for a while, comfortably enough, by the light of a Coleman lantern, and around the late dark—toward ten o'clock—I would go to bed. It was a healthy life in the

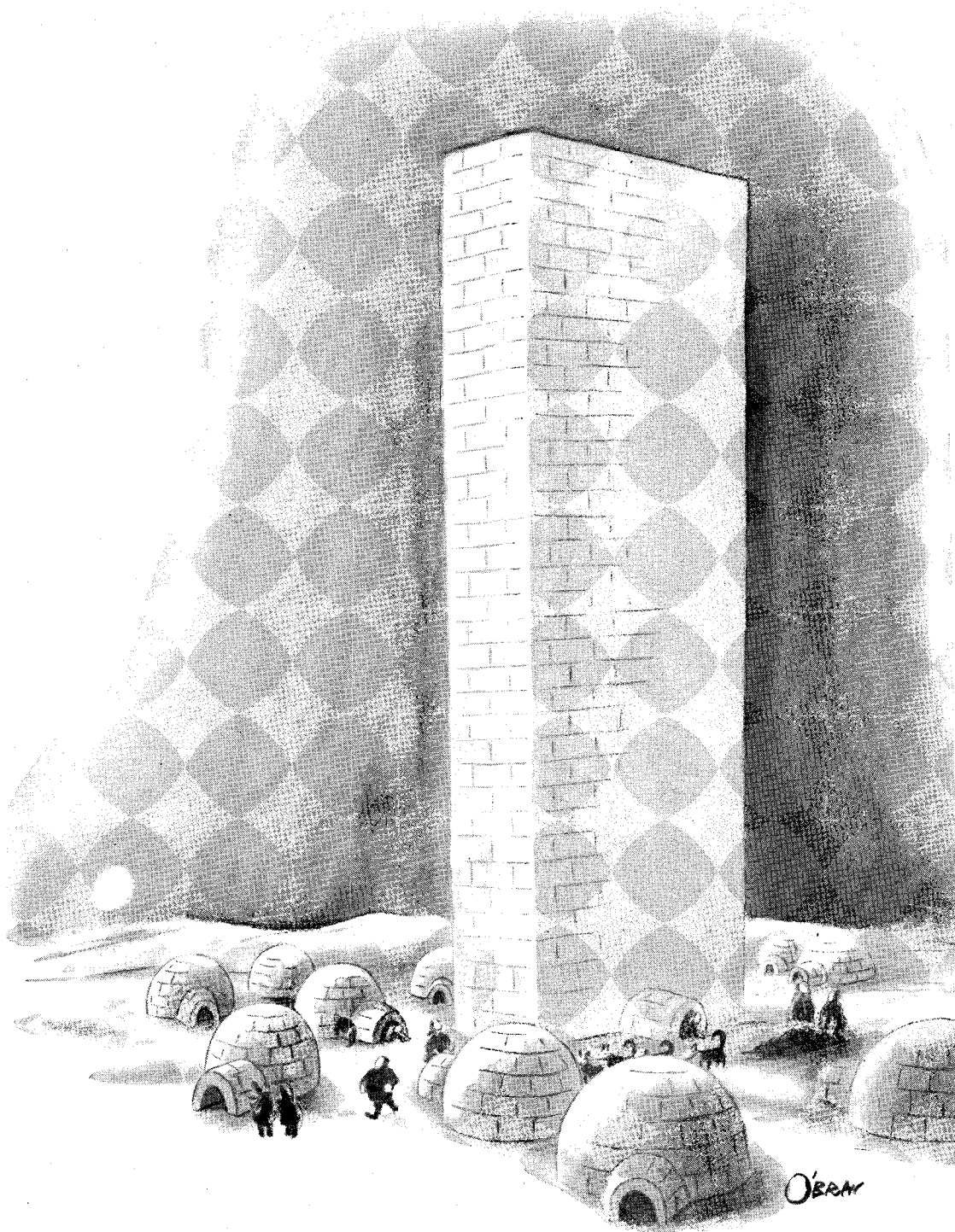
long run, but one that set you back at the start. Among other things, you failed to get the glowing tan that people nowadays link with outdoor well-being; instead, you got the pallor that they link with jails.

The cabin was in a shallow gorge cut in granite, over the ages, by the brook. The granite of that region is a blackish gray, and many parts of the plateau seem to consist of nothing else. Most of the area near my cabin had no true soil on it. I did eventually find a good patch, on a ledge above the stream, and was able to bury garbage there, but I had to do much searching first; it was almost like finding a vein of precious ore. The

rest of the nearby ground was only a sort of mulch, a few inches deep, made up of leaf fragments, old bark, and other organic matter. Beneath this shallow covering, one hit the granite, which, near the stream, took the form of gravel, stones, and boulders; higher up the slopes, in less hydraulically turbulent places, it came in big sheets or ledges. The mulch near the brook was a thin base indeed, yet from it, amid the shade and coolness, arose a variety of trees. The biggest, and perhaps the most numerous, were hemlocks—the main evergreens of the region. With their dark trunks, dense shade, and almost bare carpets of brown needles, they set the

tone for the sombre landscape. There were also a few beeches, with silver trunks, and many red oaks, red maples, sugar maples, and yellow birches. The oaks and maples grew to a fair height, approaching that of the biggest hemlocks. The birches, as a rule, were shorter. They would start up well, but then they would splay out into small branches. Their trunks had a gnarled, muscular quality, and their roots might run for yards in the open, over the slate-colored rocks.

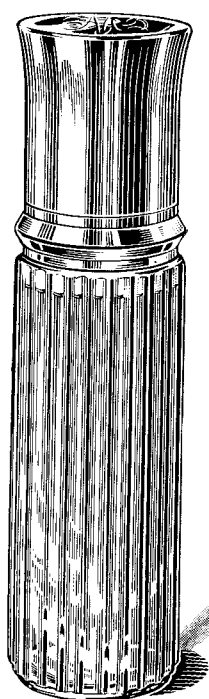
All these trees made their contributions to the canopy, which, despite the shade it cast, usually looked a bright green from below. Under it, reaching about halfway up, was a scattering of saplings and “understory” trees or shrubs—holding their own, with splashes of green, wherever they could catch some sun. And, finally, beneath these, were ferns, tree seedlings, and other low plants. There were few ferns near the cabin, because the canopy was too dense there, but to the west, beside the path on which I came and went, the canopy was thinner, and there was a sea of them. Ferns and canopy between them made for a very bright-green effect in that quarter. I have since read that Salisbury Township has thirty-three varieties of fern, but during my summer I gazed at the ferns only in a general way. Sometimes a breeze would



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FLORENCE EISEMAN

seize one of them—a single frond out of the multitude—and set it dancing in the lively manner that ferns have.

Besides all these growing things, there was one big category of dead stuff—the trunks of chestnut trees, remaining from the blight of half a century ago. The woods were full of these chestnuts, a few of them still upright, many of them half fallen and leaning against other trees, but most of them lying on the ground—sometimes bunched together in drifts, like jumbled matches. The larger chestnuts were over a foot through at their butts. They had long since lost their bark, and their outsides were a nice old weathered gray, sometimes lightly charred by a fire that had burned through the area. Where rain had got in, through chinks or knotholes, the trunks were rotted, but usually they were still good on the inside—firm and hard and dry, and colored a pinkish yellow. I used to cut them up for firewood. Dry chestnut saws through in a clean, straightforward way and is sublimely easy to split; working on it, with slight exertion, you can feel yourself an able woodsman. The logs are excellent for barbecuing; they burn easily, make a hot bed of coals, and impart a pleasant flavor. They also make good stove-wood—or, at least, make the kind I wanted. I used only one of the cabin's two stoves—an old-fashioned Glenwood cooking range—as a stove; the other, a space heater, served me as a desk. I cooked nothing but breakfast, as a rule, getting the two other meals up from cold things. What I needed, therefore, was something that would start fast and burn hot quickly, and the chestnut did just that. The fire didn't last long, but I didn't mind. If I wanted it to go on into the morning—for washing clothes, say—I would just keep throwing more logs on. But normally I was glad to forget it after breakfast and let it die.

At first glance, the forest seemed unchanging and timeless, yet it was anything but that. If you watched it, you saw that it was changing by the hour and by the day; soon you realized that it must have been changing by the year and by the decade; and finally you knew quite well that it had always been changing, always been in flux, and probably always would be. When I moved into the cabin, in mid-June, a plague of caterpillars was on. They were a pale leaf green, and thin and smooth, and about an inch long; they were inchworms. They humped their way along horizontally, and they also moved vertically, by means of filaments, with



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which they hung from trees and other high things. They were everywhere in June, crawling or hanging, and I kept picking them off my clothes. I was in for a busy summer, I felt, but the caterpillars vanished in a week or two, leaving no trace of their presence except bare red oaks. They liked the red-oak leaves, and they cleaned off many trees; there was a tall oak across the brook from me, and they left it like a tree in winter.

A few weeks later, small, pretty cream-colored moths appeared along the brook. There were clouds of them, and they, too, were everywhere—in the air, on the ground, and on the surface of the water, where they would fall when spent. Their floating bodies gathered on the quieter pools and in some places made an over-all cream coating. They were so thick that the stream's little trout—there were four of these in one pool near me, and two in another—could by no means keep up with feeding on them. That hatch also stopped in a week or two. It was followed by a lull, and then by another prodigious hatch—this one of moths about the same size but pure white, like the whitest of eggshells. That hatch lasted longer; some of its members, dainty and bridelike, were fluttering about for weeks.

These visitations were accompanied, off and on, by the appearance of other moths, many of them colored and patterned like dead leaves. I didn't try to identify them—didn't even try to learn which of them might be a later phase of the green caterpillars. I left them alone, merely doing what I could to keep them out of my cabin in the evenings, when my lamp would set up a fatal attraction for them. If they got in, they would immolate themselves against the lamp itself or else get trapped between the fly screens and the glass windows, where I couldn't reach them. They would flutter out their short lives there, under the eyes of little spiders hiding in nearby cracks of the carpentry, who would eventually emerge and deal them the coup de grâce. I didn't intervene much with the spiders, either. The whole process seemed so natural, and so overwhelming, too, with its wave after wave of life—a wave of foliage, then one of caterpillars, then a wave or two of moths, then one of trout and spiders—that I could only sit and wonder at it.

Insects troubled me little personally in the summer, perhaps because the weather was cool and dry. There were few mosquitoes round the cabin, and few midges. There were some deer flies—or horseflies, as I call them—the biting kind, but not enough to be a pest, and of houseflies there were almost

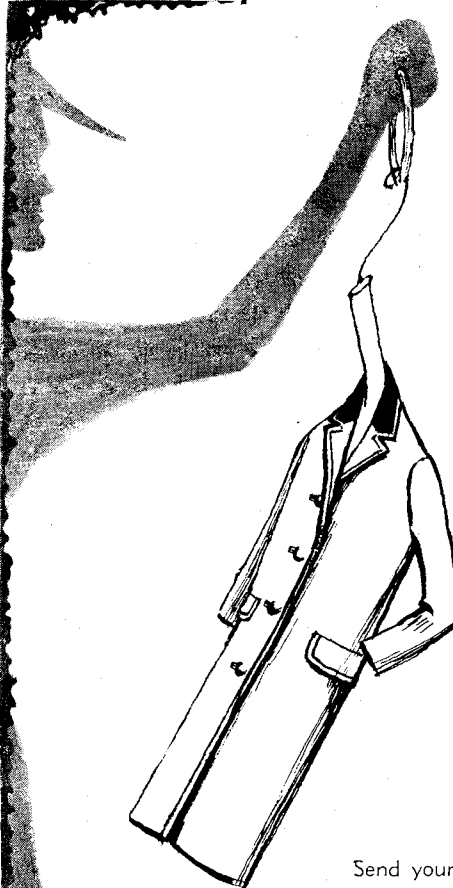


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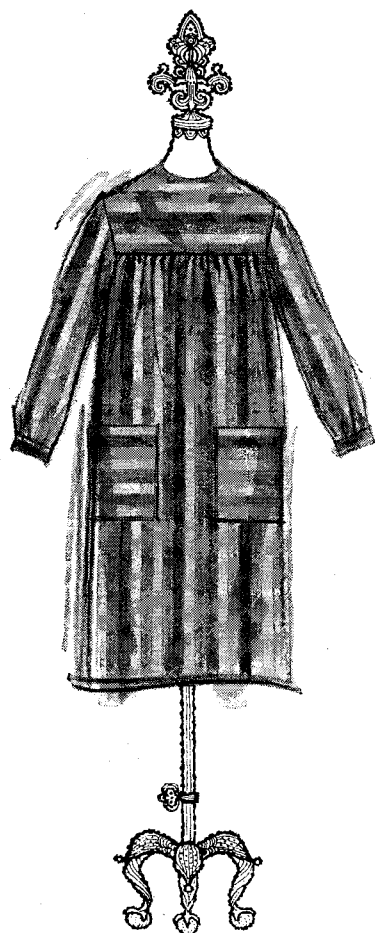


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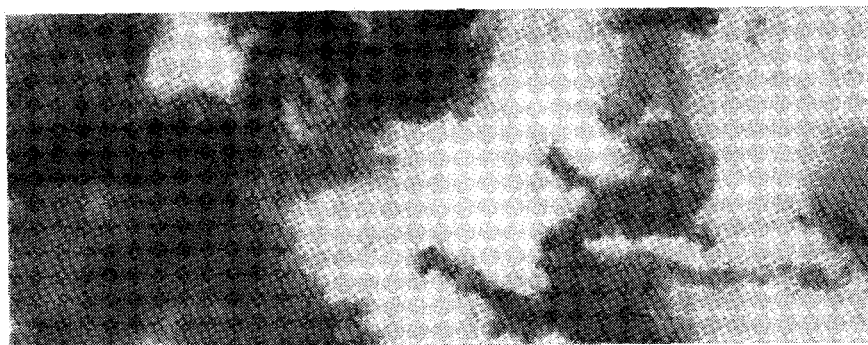
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none. An occasional ant came into the cabin, scouting around, but it never seemed to go and assemble its fellow-ants, and the great terrors of the cities, like cockroaches, were nowhere near. Perhaps the most common crawling thing, as time went on, was the daddy longlegs. A daddy might drop lightly on my brow at any moment—so lightly that I couldn't tell, without reaching up, that it wasn't a breeze. All these creatures came and went, and so did others, which I couldn't put a name to. They were less of a trial than a thing of interest—a passing show—in their variety.

The passing show of birds was still more interesting, because less expected. When I moved in, I found what I took to be a fairly stable bird population. Among others, there were phoebes, nesting under the cabin's eaves; there were scarlet tanagers; there was an owl nearby; there were mixed thrushes (including veeries, which sang offstage, especially toward dusk); and there was a whippoorwill that came on with its song around nine-fifteen on those long June evenings. The tanagers were a special joy; I had never known them before. There were two males and a female, the latter colored in various shades of green and the former in a rich red (not scarlet, really—not so yellow), with black wings and tail. The males were incredibly beautiful against the bright-green canopy of leaves, and the female, too, was beautiful. They would sit up there when I first came, gazing at me solemnly and repeating their song, which to me sounded like “tchk oeui.” They always sat broadside to me, gazing with one eye alone, and they turned by revolving a complete hundred and eighty degrees in one hop. They did this stiffly, almost mechanically, which gave them a classical air, with their gorgeous plumage amid the leaves. And, having turned, they continued to look down, with the other eye, and to say “tchk oeui.”

They made the place a toyland forest, but in a few days they departed. I fear I drove them off with my noise and bustle; later on, and elsewhere, I heard tanagers singing, but they seldom came near the cabin. The owl, too, left my neighborhood before long—perhaps because of me, or perhaps because of some blackbirds that tormented it. The owl hung out in a hemlock stand across the brook, and twice after my arrival the blackbirds came to badger it there; that was how I learned of its presence. The second time, they got it on the run and chased it through the woods nearby, and I saw it—a thick brown figure coasting silently between the trees, with the

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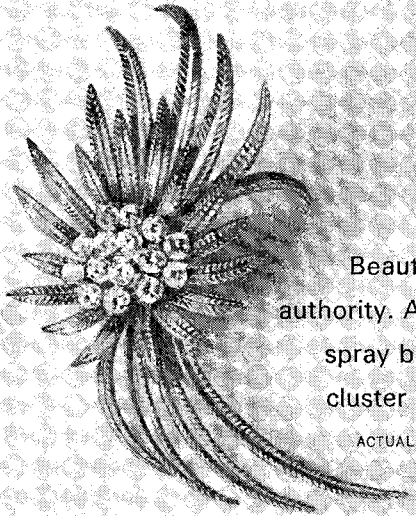
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blackbirds screaming behind it. It got back to its hemlocks that day, but it must have left soon afterward; anyway, I was aware of it no more.

These blackbirds came by a good deal in my first few weeks. They would come flying down the brook, often in the late morning—twenty or more of them, clucking and chirping, and stopping to drink in the stream or to forage aggressively in the old leaves by the streamside. They would jostle each other, and throw their weight around, and be as raucous as so many Black Shirts. The woods would be deathly quiet when they came, except for the noise they made themselves. I used to fear that they would drive the phoebes out, but they didn't. The phoebes stayed for weeks, my constant companions—one of them usually perching out over the stream, awaiting flies. When they finally left, it was either because their young were old enough to take the road or because the same young had come to a tragic end, brought on by some blue jays that had shown up.

The blue jays, five or six of them, arrived well on in July and hung about for several weeks, more raucous and menacing even than the blackbirds. They may, I think, have been a setting of young birds just recently fledged. So may half a dozen robins that also showed up in July and stayed around. I believe that many of the bird changes I witnessed were part of this life cycle—old birds hatching their eggs and moving out, young birds who had matured somewhere else moving in. I got a clearer view of the life cycle from the partridge. There were no partridge near my cabin, but I used to see them in other sections of the woods. In June, the partridge mothers were guarding their chicks. If I happened to come near them, they would make a great fuss and scurry away from the brood, feigning a broken wing or other ailment to draw me off; one mother mewed uncannily as she limped away. By mid-July, the mothers were gone, and the young, much larger now, were on their own, in coveys of as many as eight or nine. And by late August, full grown, they were breaking away, one by one, into less safe places. I think the bird world was shifting this way all summer.

Other shifts, I believe, came from warfare over territory—every day there was a fight of some sort by the stream—and still others must have come from subtler causes. I didn't probe into these—I am no ornithologist—but I did have a fine procession of birds to watch. I saw chickadees feeding upside down below waving branches. I saw

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nuthatches working down the trunks of trees, and brown creepers working up them. I saw bright orioles and woodpeckers drop from the canopy. Once, a cedar waxwing—a fantastic bird with a black mask like a highwayman's—came and looked right in the window at me. Warblers of many kinds flew down from the treetops—black-and-white warblers among them, which seemed patterned after skunks. A catbird hung around for some time, and so did a dark-brown wren; a pair of Louisiana water thrushes frequented the brook for weeks, flying up and down it, chirping, and wading and dipping in the water. In June, I could identify few of these birds, but as time passed I grew familiar with them.

Toward summer's end, the bird life thinned, but not without new accessions. Towhees arrived in numbers—their simple song came to dominate the place—and a pair of kingfishers moved in, too. The kingfishers, with their rough crests, white collars, and long, pointed bills, were the biggest, chestiest, and most spectacular birds, except for the owl, that I ever saw there. They sat on branches outside my window, or else they flew up and down the stream, and it echoed with their cry, which was like the sound of an extra-loud fishing reel running out. Why they came only then, at the summer's end, I cannot say. Not one of the birds I had known in June was left by that time. The kingfishers came at the tail of the parade, and they came grandly.

THESE creatures taught me much about change on my plateau, but in the end I learned more from studying man's history there, and its effect on the trees and other growing things. Archeological traces were scattered everywhere, including old wagon roads, simple pick-and-shovel excavations, and "pits" where charcoal had been burned. The pits were mysterious-looking; level circles flush with the ground and about the size of a silo's base, they had trees growing around their edges but very little growing inside them. The excavations were just holes in the ground, and the roads were old two-rutted wagon tracks, made to haul charcoal. The roads were in differing states of repair. One was even motorable—a dirt road traversing the plateau from south to north. Others had been obliterated for long stretches by laurel and second growth. And still others were in between—kept open, without improvement, for logging or other uses. I often walked for miles along a nice old logging road on the plateau's eastern escarp-



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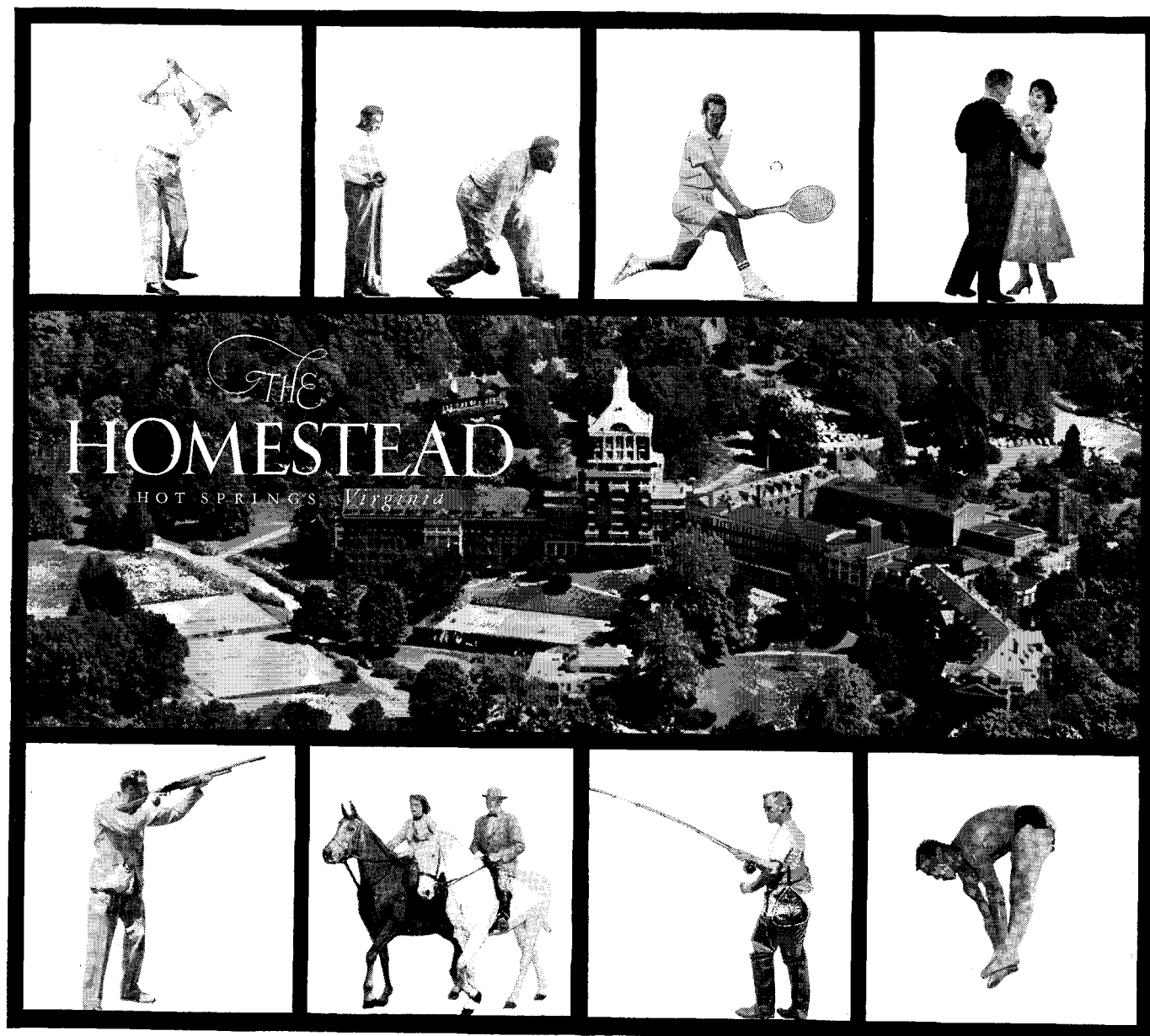
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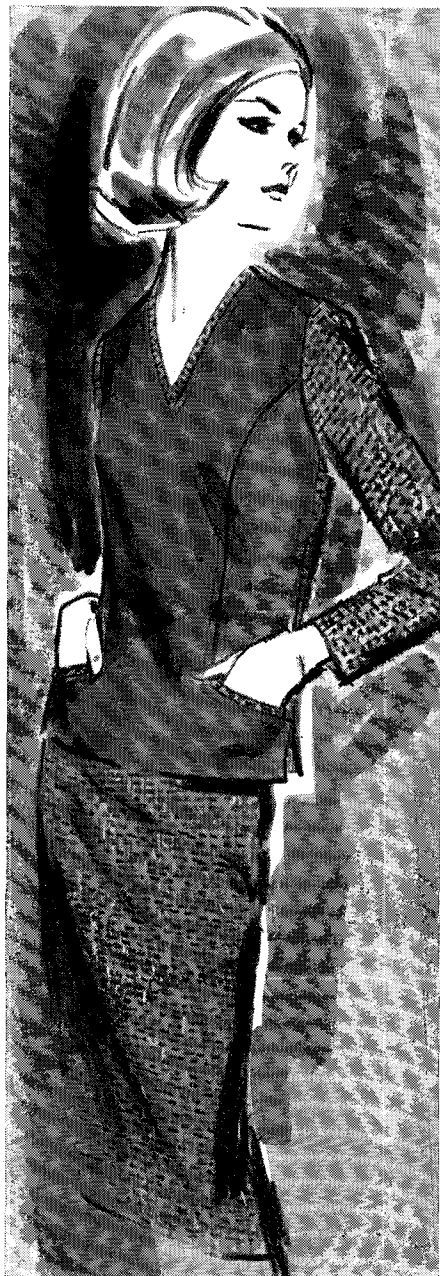
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ment. The road was well laid; it was built up by stonework in the marshy places and at one place, where it crossed a stream, it had good stone bridge piers under it. I was curious, naturally, about the roads and the charcoaling, and toward the end of the summer I asked a man named George Kiefer, a forester who looks after those woods, to explain it all to me. He is a well-educated forester, having done graduate work at Duke University, but he also likes the tramping side of his job, and he likes the old-time woodsmen and their lore; he gets his knowledge from all these sources.

One morning, he and I set off down a road not far south of my cabin. After a few hundred yards, it went right through a charcoal pit. To me, as usual, the pit looked mysterious—a bare circle in the midst of nowhere—but George began explaining it. First, he paced it off. "It's twenty-four feet in diameter," he said. "That's about average, though sometimes they are bigger—they can be thirty-five." He knelt and dug in the ground with his hand for a moment, and then came up with a small piece of charcoal. It must have been there for many decades, but it was still jet black, looking like the product of a fire of this year. "Charcoal doesn't change much," George went on. "In the old days in the Plains States, they used it to mark boundaries if there weren't any stones around. They would dig a hole and put charcoal in it, and that would be a lasting record." He bent and got another coal from the circle. "That's how it is," he said. "These pits have charcoal all over them—pieces that were too small to rake up after the burning. Since they don't change, they give no nourishment to vegetation, and the burning itself has cooked the organic matter out of the soil below. That's why so little grows here now."

But a few things did well on the old pits, George added. Aspens—called "popples" in Salisbury—did well enough, and so did laurel. Wherever you found thick laurel in the woods, he explained, the chances were that fire had burned there in the past and given it a head start—if not a charcoal fire, then an unplanned forest fire. (As he spoke, I remembered such forest fires from my boyhood. They had often raged on Mount Riga in those days, and I remembered the men of Salisbury going up there with shovels to fight them. And earlier in the summer, I had walked through big expanses of laurel on the mountain, where the canopy was thin, and these must have been linked with those old blazes. The laurel had

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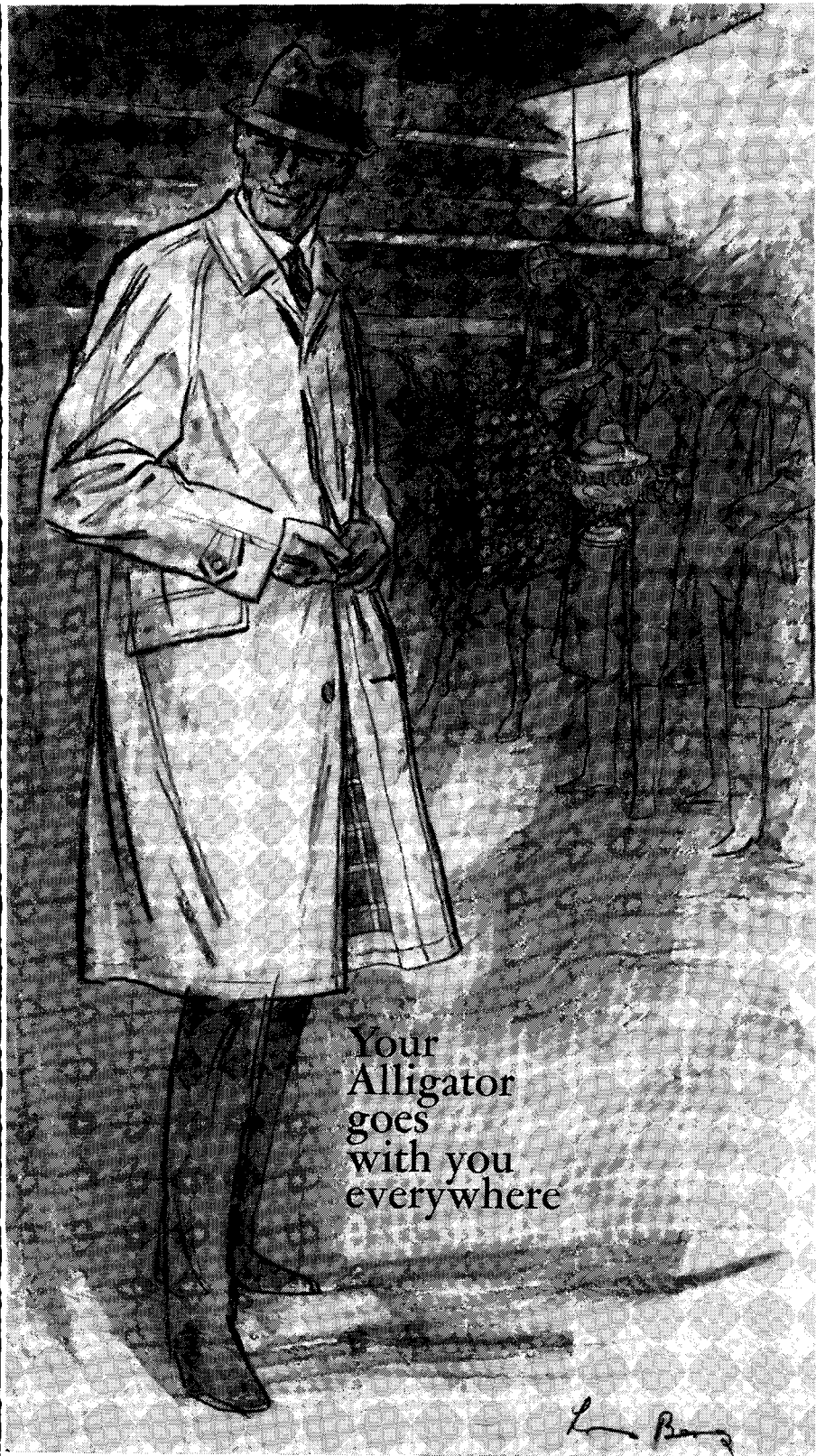
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been hard to wade through, but it had been beautiful, especially in June, when it was blooming, with its pink-white flowers glowing amid its dark-green leaves.)

George told me how the old charcoal burners—the colliers—had made their pits. First, they cleared and levelled off their circle, he said; then they took some four-foot logs and put them together to form a cone in its center; then they took more logs and put them up against the cone, keeping the pile circular until they reached the rim of the circle. Next, on that story of logs they put another, with a smaller diameter, and another and another, until they had a solid pile in the shape of a dome or beehive. After that, they covered the pile with leaves and with a coating of several inches of dirt—the leaves to keep the dirt from sifting down among the logs, the dirt to damp the burning. They dug the dirt from the little excavations that still remained here and there; they scratched it up wherever they could find it and moved it to the pit in wheelbarrows with huge wheels—four feet in diameter—for negotiating the rough ground. The colliers had left some tinder on the ground in the beehive's center, and when they were ready, they fired it through a channel from the outside. From then on, the problem was to control the burning. "It might take the pit a week and a half to burn," George told me, "and then another week to cool. Sometimes it took twenty-five days all together. The cooling period was vital. If the pit was opened too fast, it might burst into flames, and that would be disastrous. The trick was to keep it smoldering, not burning, and the colliers did that by putting on more dirt or scraping it away. Fire moves toward a source of oxygen, so they could guide it here and there by opening vents." The pits had not been stable, apparently, while burning. Usually they had settled a bit, and sometimes they had puffed out in places from internal gases. The colliers had been able to walk about on the tops, but this had its risks. I had heard stories of a man and a boy who fell through the tops of charcoal pits and had been consumed. Any sudden contact of burning charcoal with fresh air has violent results; more than one person told me that pits had exploded when that happened.

The burning pits had to be checked repeatedly, both night and day, and to keep up the checking the colliers had built shanties near them. Sometimes they lived alone, sometimes with other colliers, sometimes with their families—George knew one old lady in our region



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PROGRESS REPORT TO U.S. INDUSTRY FROM THE COMMONWEALTH OF PUERTO RICO:

The Commonwealth of Puerto Rico now has one of the highest rates of industrial growth in the world —outpacing the entire European Common Market

New plants are opening at the remarkable rate of 3 a week. Here are 27 facts you should know about this flourishing Commonwealth before choosing your next plant site.

1. The Commonwealth of Puerto Rico's industrial development is moving along at an extraordinary pace. In 1962, the Commonwealth's net income from manufacturing rose from \$320 million to \$384 million—an increase of 20 percent.

Even the thriving European Common Market (West Germany, France, Italy, Belgium, Luxemburg and Holland) cannot match this rate of growth.

2. Altogether, there are more than 900 plants humming away in this sunny Commonwealth. Seven hundred and twenty-five of these plants are owned by U.S. firms. Last year, *their return on investment averaged 25 percent.*

Blue chips in Puerto Rico

3. In 1962 alone, 139 manufacturers chose Puerto Rico as a long-term, permanent manufacturing site. Many of them were blue-chip firms. A few of these are: Glidden, National Biscuit, Warner-Lambert and U. S. Rubber.

4. Fifty blue-chip firms now operate eighty-six plants in Puerto Rico. Seventeen blue-chip firms have two or more plants there. Five have four or more plants. Altogether, some 100 U.S. firms operate two or more plants.

5. Blue-chip firms now manufacturing a variety of products in Puerto Rico include: Parke-Davis, Union Carbide, Sperry Rand, International Paper and Reichhold Chemicals.

Incentives for manufacturers

6. Puerto Rico is a self-governing Commonwealth within the American Union. U. S. Federal taxes do not apply because Puerto Rico does not have a vote in Congress. "No taxation without representation."

7. The Puerto Rican Government is

free to assess its own taxes and to grant tax exemption to genuinely new or expanding operations. Runaway plants are *not* wanted and do *not* qualify for tax exemption in Puerto Rico.

8. Under its remarkable self-help program "Operation Bootstrap," Puerto Rico grants liberal tax exemption to qualified U.S. manufacturers who locate plants on the island. You pay no U.S. corporate tax and, for ten to thirteen years, no Puerto Rican tax.

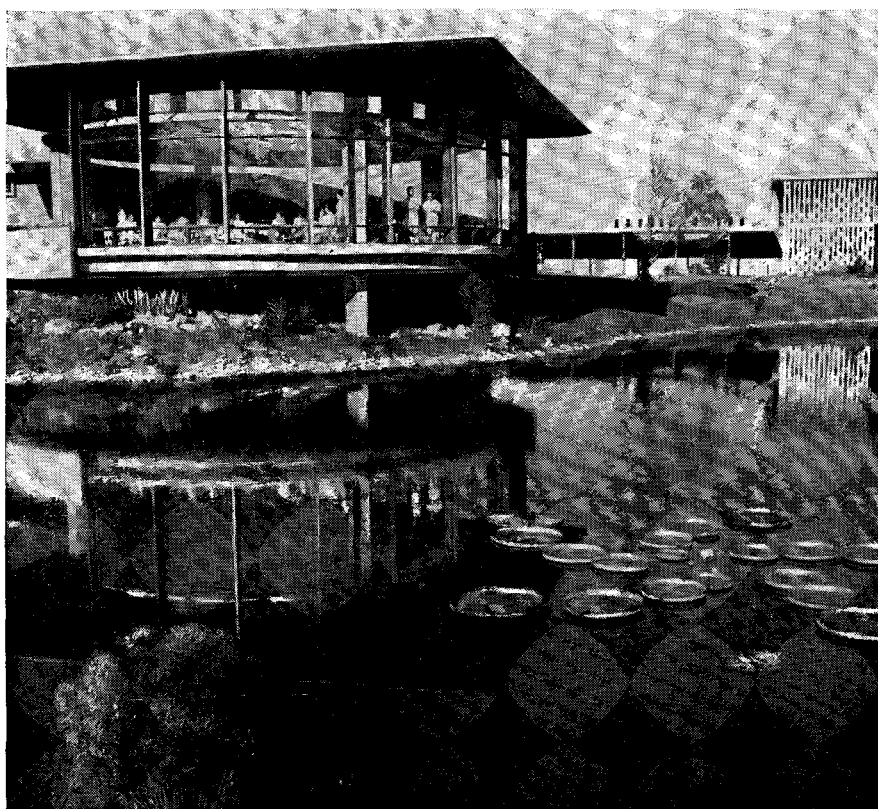
9. Special incentives are offered to firms that service local industry, process local

raw material, or employ 500 or more.

New Foreign Trade Zone

10. The latest attraction for U.S. Industry is Puerto Rico's new Foreign Trade Zone. It is the only Foreign Trade Zone authorized by the U.S. Government outside the continental U.S. It is at Mayagüez, Puerto Rico's third largest port. And it is the first U.S. Zone to offer incentives for *manufacturing.*

11. U.S. firms establishing factories in the Zone are eligible for all the "Operation Bootstrap" incentives.



This new Parke-Davis plant in Puerto Rico employs 200 people. It makes capsuled and injectable drugs for markets in the western hemisphere.

12. You may import unlimited amounts of foreign components and raw materials to your factory in the Zone and *manufacture* without paying U.S. customs duties.

Compete in all world markets

13. Puerto Rico's location (see map) makes it an ideal spot to manufacture for markets in both North and South America as well as Europe and Africa.

14. Since 1954, the island's sales to world markets other than the U.S. have almost doubled.

15. In 1962, the island's 900 "Operation Bootstrap" plants increased shipments to the U.S. by 20 percent to a record \$497,000,000 or \$83,000,000 more than in 1961.

16. In 1962, Puerto Rico *purchased* almost a billion dollars' worth of goods from the U.S. mainland. The Commonwealth now ranks fifth among the world's nations as a market for U.S. products.

Plants available, labor abundant

17. The Puerto Rican Government leaves no stone unturned to help manufacturers prosper. It is constantly building new plants. You can buy them or lease them. Rents are as low as 50 cents per square foot per year.

18. The government will screen job applicants for you—and then train them. The Commonwealth maintains twelve vocational schools offering instruction in over 55 trades—from accounting to zincography.

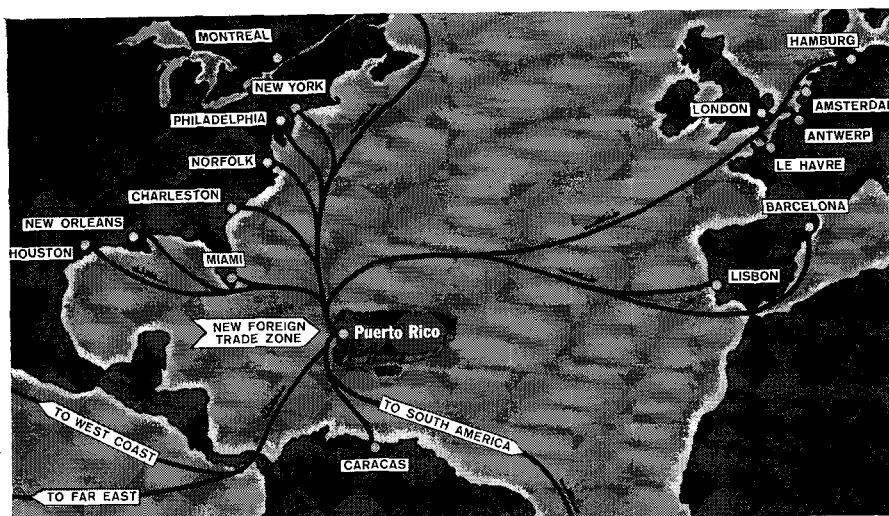
19. Puerto Rico's labor force now numbers 670,000—includes tens of thousands of skilled workers. Puerto Ricans are remarkably able with their hands, and eager to learn new trades.

20. Water and power are abundant in Puerto Rico. Electric power is 20 percent hydroelectric and 80 percent steam-generated. To handle future needs, the government has just built a new million-kilowatt thermoelectric power station.

21. A new \$11 million atomic reactor has been added to Puerto Rico's fast-growing power system. It was built jointly with the U.S. Atomic Energy Commission.

Excellent transportation

22. San Juan's \$20 million International Airport is the busiest air center in the Caribbean. This beautiful, modern airport handles scheduled and non-scheduled flights from the U.S., Europe,



Highly accessible location: Puerto Rico is served by 37 ocean lines and 12 airlines. You can fly by jet to Puerto Rico from New York in under 3¼ hours, from Miami in under 2¼ hours, from Los Angeles in 8½ hours.

and South America. Scheduled flights alone total almost 400 per week.

23. Puerto Rico has 3 major seaports. They are at San Juan, on the north coast, Ponce, on the south coast, and Mayagüez on the west coast. Thirty-seven ocean lines carry cargo between these and major world ports.

24. New "trailerships" carry cargo in sealed truck bodies between these ports and U.S. Atlantic and Pacific ports. A sealed truck body is lifted off the trailer and onto the ship. At the port of debarkation, the body is lifted off the ship onto a waiting trailer. This saves time, prevents pilferage.

Strong ties to U.S.

25. The island's judicial system is similar to and *linked* with the U.S. courts, with ultimate appeal available to the Supreme Court of the United States. Property and investments are not only protected by the Puerto Rican Constitution, they are also guarded by all the guarantees of the U.S. Constitution.

26. Puerto Rico is economically a part of the United States. The island's currency is the U.S. dollar. Money, people and goods move freely between the U.S. and Puerto Rico. The island's postal system is a part of the U.S. postal system. The people are U.S. citizens and serve in the U.S. Armed Forces.

Good place to live

27. Over 5,000 U.S. executives live and work in Puerto

Rico. One U.S. executive reports: "*The climate is probably as close to paradise as man will ever see.*" The temperature usually stays in the balmy 70's. You golf, fish, swim and sail, 52 weeks a year. And you have more time for your family.

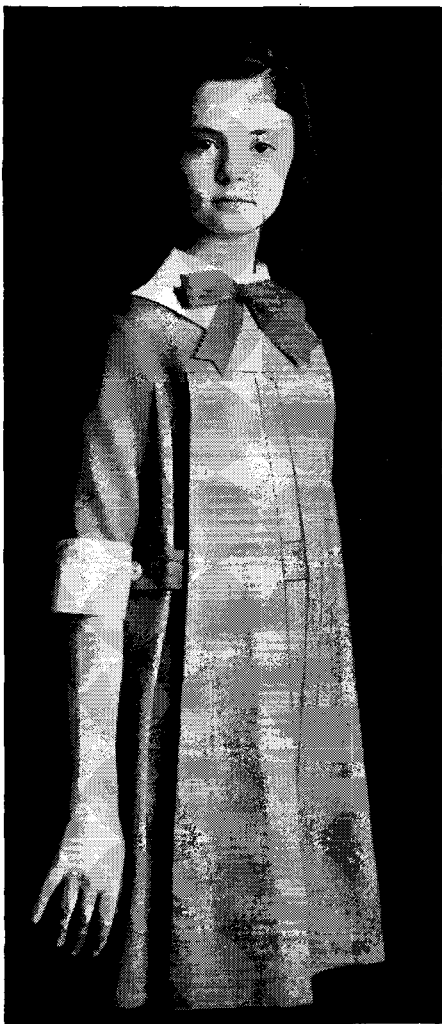
This is one in a series of national reports to U. S. industry on Puerto Rico's economic and cultural development during its first 10 years as an American Commonwealth. For extra copies, write: Progress Report #11 Commonwealth of Puerto Rico, 666 Fifth Ave., New York 19, N. Y.

Blue-chip firms in Puerto Rico

Company	No. of plants	Company	No. of plants
American Can	2	International Tel. & Tel.	1
American Hardware	1	Johnson & Johnson	1
American Motors	1	Kayser-Roth	8
Beatrice Foods	1	Kimberly-Clark	1
Beaunit Mills	1	Libby, McNeill & Libby	1
Borden	1	Midland-Ross	2
Brunswick	3	Mohasco Industries	1
Burlington Industries	1	National Biscuit	1
California Packing	1	Parke-Davis	2
Carborundum	1	Phelps Dodge	2
Central Soya	1	Philadelphia & Reading	1
Colgate-Palmolive	1	Ralston Purina	1
Commonwealth Oil Refining	1	Reichhold Chemicals	1
Consolidated Cigar	8	Shell Oil	2
Continental Can	1	Sherwin-Williams	1
Daystrom	1	Sperry Rand	2
Ford Motor	1	Sprague Electric	2
General Electric	4	Sterling Drug	1
Glidden	1	Stokely-Van Camp	1
Goodrich (B.F.)	2	Sunbeam	2
Grace (W.R.)	1	Union Carbide	1
Gulf Oil	1	U.S. Rubber	1
Heinz (H.J.)	1	Warner-Lambert	
Hunt Foods	1	Pharmaceutical	2
International Paper	4	Wilson	1
International Shoe	5		



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straws
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who had been born in such a shanty. The work seemed lonely as I looked back at it—colliers silently walking around their pits at all hours and in all weathers—and I imagined how bleak the landscape on the mountain must have been then, how different from the woods I knew. I imagined great wastes of stumpland, with the gray rock often showing, and with the rude, dirt-covered mounds standing here and there, their flameless smoke arising in the emptiness.

George and I walked on through woods that were a good deal thinner than those in my ravine and had more low-lying greenery in them. George began talking about their history. The virgin forest on the mountain had prevailed, he told me, until some time after the coming of the white man. Then the charcoal burning had begun, and after that everything sizable, with one exception, had been cut off again and again. "The men came through each thirty-five years and cut what had grown since the last time," George said. "The trees would be several inches thick by then, making the labor worth their while. They would cut off the hardwood—that is, the deciduous trees—but they would leave the hemlock, because it made poor charcoal. Hemlock bark was used for tanning in those early days, and there were tanneries in this region, but it can't have paid to send Mount Riga bark to them. So the hemlocks were left standing, and I could show you any number that are a hundred and thirty or a hundred and forty years old. I have often checked the age of such trees, after they have been cut, by counting their annual rings. And the rings will also tell you, sometimes, when the surrounding woods were cut for charcoal. You will get a series of narrow rings, meaning that the hemlock was crowded in by other trees—it was not doing well—and then suddenly you will get wide rings, meaning that it had good access to sun and soil. On some trees, more than one cutting will be recorded in the rings. We call those old trees 'hemlock standards.' They are fine to look at, but often they are overage for lumber—they are getting rotten on the inside."

In the first cutting for charcoal, George said, there must have been a great variety of wood used, but after that there had been a predominance of chestnut; often pits had been eighty per cent chestnut wood. "That's because it grew back fast," he explained. "Not from seeds but from sprouting off the old stumps. The chestnut shoots would dominate the new growth when the

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next cutting fell due, thirty-five years later. They might be a foot through at breast height then, and green chestnut cuts like butter. The cutters did all their work with axes—they didn't need saws in that young growth." Intensive cutting of the mountain had ceased in the late nineteenth century; most parts had not been cut since 1885. Then, around 1915, blight had struck, killing the trees that still grew in the forest. "But in the long run the chestnuts would have thinned out anyway," George told me. "Although they shoot fast from the old stumps, they are not tenacious as a species. They have not been prominent in the ultimate forest—the climax forest, we call it—in this latitude."

Like other laymen, perhaps, I had always thought that if you cut down a virgin forest it would grow back again, straight off, with much the same make-up as before. This isn't true at all, George explained to me. "There is a regular series of growth that follows when cleared land is left to itself," he said. "First, you get fast-growing things that crave lots of sunlight and have good seed dissemination—or that shoot readily from stumps, like the chestnuts. Then come slower things that can tolerate more shade, and, after them, more tolerant ones still. Around Salisbury, it works about like this: First, you get goldenrod and hardhack—the low growth of deserted fields. Then, pushing up through this, come certain of the scrubby trees—gray birch, for instance, and white pine. These volunteers, as we call them, prepare the seedbed and the microclimate—the shade and so on—for what comes later. The next species may be red maple, in these parts, and in the long run it is joined—perhaps supplanted—by sugar maple, hemlock, beech, the oaks, the ashes, and yellow birch. It takes about three hundred years to achieve the climax forest here; the forest will vary from place to place, according to soil and moisture, but it will be very stable in character and will be dominated by shade-tolerant trees like hemlock. Hemlock has few equals for staying power in this latitude. When it is established, almost nothing but fire will get it out. It is far more tenacious than the other evergreens—than white pine, for instance. If you find a stand of white pine here, it probably grew from a pasture—the cattle grazed away the rival seedlings but left the pine alone, giving it a big advantage. And finally it closed the canopy and could hold its own."

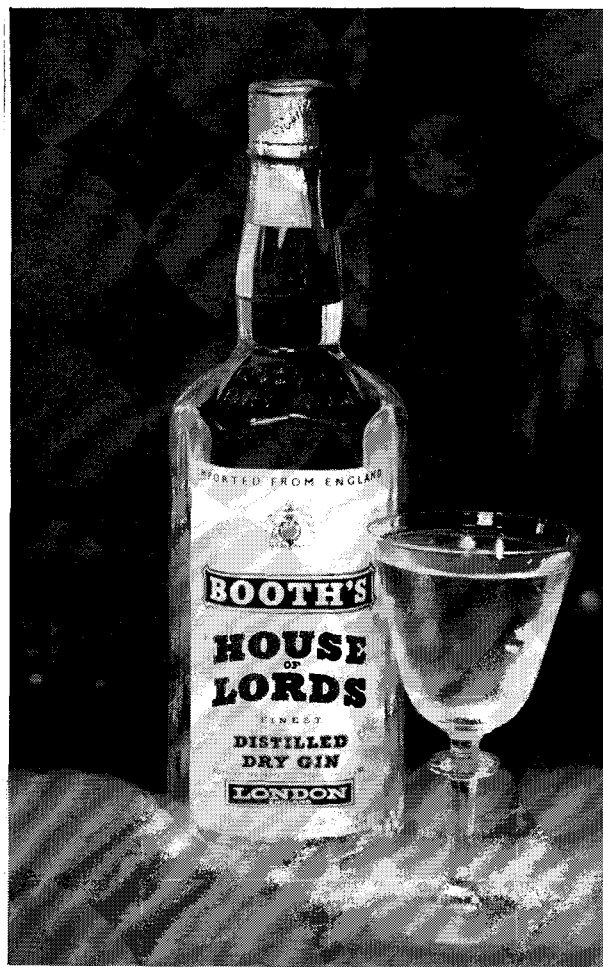
The climax forest of Salisbury—two



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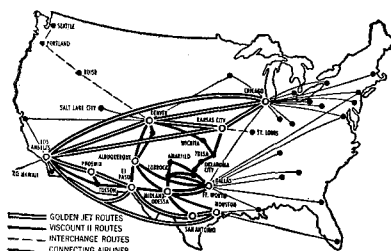
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centuries in the future now, at best—will be dark and gloomy, according to George. Early travellers used terms like that in describing the forest primeval of our township; they referred to "the forest dank and unending," and spoke of letting light into the dismal dark by cutting trees. The woods by my cabin, I must say, were approaching this state last summer. But many of the hemlocks there, according to George, were old standards—a hundred years of age or older—and, besides, the cabin's site in the cool, damp ravine was one to encourage climax trees. I was enjoying, I gathered, a localized near-preview of climax conditions—the woods on higher ground around me were much thinner.

George told me that the deer of Salisbury, which are numerous, are having a bad effect on the woods, for they browse heavily on the seedlings of economically valuable trees, like oak, ash, and maple, and almost ignore those of beech, which is a poor market species in our region, because it checks, bends, and warps while drying. If left to themselves, George said, the deer might shape a new climax forest in which beech would outnumber the better hardwoods. He showed me evidence of their work as we went along—knee-high infant maples, for instance, that had little more than twig stumps left on them, where the deer had nipped the leaves off. "In the virgin forest," he said, "the deer were much less plentiful than they are now, because they had less small growth to browse on; the green was nearly all up in the canopy. In times of heavy charcoal burning, they did badly, too; their feed and cover were kept down. But in times of undisturbed new growth they have done very well—on seedlings. We are in such a time now—have been for decades—and our deer are strongly protected by the law. They breed fast, and their numbers shoot up under these conditions." As a forester, George thought that we human beings were too lenient with the deer—that they and we were in competition for use of the good trees, and we gave them too much of an advantage. Walking along, he pointed to another browsed-off seedling. "Nip, nip, nip," he said. "A snowshoe rabbit may possibly have done that, but the odds are a hundred to one it was a deer."

He showed me many things that morning, all in all, and told me about many things—about the uses of the wood of the different trees, for instance, and about the trees' geographical ranges, and about the damage that trees on Mount Riga have suffered from ice storms (at their tops) and forest fires

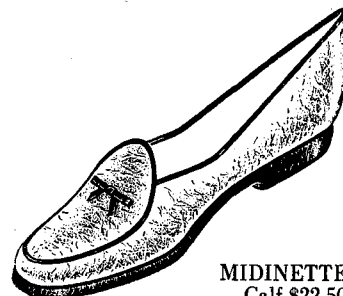
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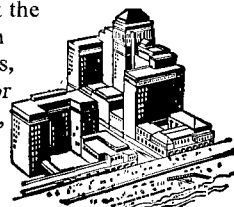
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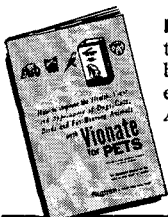


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(at their bottoms). We walked a lot on old charcoal roads that had been reopened for lumbering. "Loggers generally pick out and use the old roads because they so often follow the best route," George said. "Sometimes they are too narrow or too steep for modern machinery, but on the whole they are very good. The charcoal men planned them well and laid them well. They had time to do things right in those days."

STANDING in a veritable sea of woodland, with silence all about, I found it hard to imagine those days. The whole point of the charcoal burning had been to feed a bustling iron industry, and of that there was now hardly a trace. The furnace that had smelted the iron was still standing—I passed it often, three miles south of my cabin—but it had not smudged the plateau air since 1847 or 1860, depending on which source you believe. It is a rugged, archaic-looking chunk of masonry—thirty feet high and thirty by twenty-four feet at its base—made of blocks of the dark local granite, and it looks primitive, yet at the same time strong and massive, like much prehistoric architecture in the Old World. When I was a child, it had been crumbling away and had been deemed unfit to climb on, but just recently—in 1961—it was renovated by a local mason, Peter Brazzale, with the aid of a local philanthropist, and so now it is a monument.

Ore was discovered in Salisbury Township in 1732 or thereabouts, and in my reading that summer I had come upon several encomiums of its quality. It was "as good as any found in the United States," it was "the richest this side of Sweden," it was "perhaps unexcelled in the world, according to the Smithsonian Institution." Especially, it must have had durability under repeated shocks, for it was highly prized for gun barrels and, later on, for railroad-car wheels. The news of its discovery is said to have travelled fast and far—even to Europe—but the ore was not exploited in much quantity at first, perhaps because Salisbury lacked even wagon tracks to get it to the outside world. The first blast furnace in the area, antedating the one on Mount Riga by almost fifty years, was built in a part of the township that is now called Lakeville but was called Furnace Village until the middle of the nineteenth century. The furnace—it has since disappeared—was built by four entrepreneurs, one being Ethan Allen, a Connecticut man who later moved to Vermont and led the Green Mountain Boys there. Cannon for the Revolution were made at Fur-

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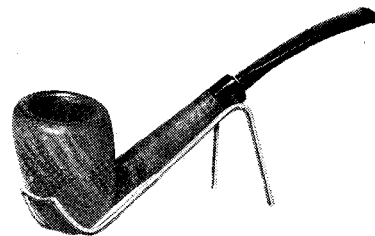
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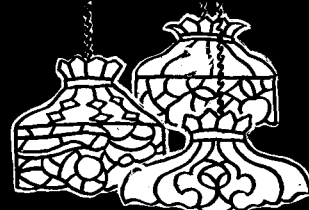
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nace Village, as well as mortars, grenades, swivel guns, and camp kettles, and Salisbury ore went into an iron chain that was stretched across the Hudson as a defense against British ships. (The British later seized it and took it to Gibraltar, where it was used to protect the moles.) Mount Riga played only a minor part in these Revolutionary events, however. It was not until 1810 that the furnace there was completed, and even today one meets with doubts on the wisdom of its placement. The question must have been nicely balanced. A furnace in those days needed to be in touch with five things: water power, charcoal, iron ore, limestone, and a market for its output. Mount Riga scored high in regard to water power; it had two lakes, the upper feeding into the lower, and the lower into the dashing brook near which the furnace was built. The site was good for charcoal—with many square miles of almost level woodland at its door—but it was not so good for ore and limestone. There were mines near Mount Riga, but only near its base, and the ore had to be carried upward a thousand feet and three or four miles in ground distance; in the beginning, at least, this was done by pack horses on mountain trails. It was the same with the limestone, except that this had to be carried still farther, across the lowlands. And finally, of course, the finished products had to come down off the mountain to be sold.

Downstream from the furnace, there were two forges, one of which made big things, like anchors, caldrons, and plows, and the other small things, like chains, garden and farm tools, hinges, and kitchen utensils. Some of the old caldrons are still around. One serves as a watering trough on the mountain road near the old furnace. It is about three feet across and is round-bodied, thick, and heavy—and rusty, too, now, of course. These caldrons were used, among other things, as army camp kettles, for soapmaking, and for the rendering of whale blubber. Whaling ships worked out of the Hudson in the early nineteenth century—basing at Poughkeepsie, say—and they often carried Salisbury kettles, mounted atop brick stoves, on their decks. They would take on firewood before sailing, and the whaling men would cook at least some of their blubber at sea.

The most notable Riga forgings, though, were probably the anchors. Anchors of Salisbury iron were used by the Constitution (the Constellation was armed with Salisbury cannon) and by

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many other ships, including two frigates built in New York for the Greeks during their war of liberation. (The Salisbury ironmakers sent the Greeks a big case of muskets, too.) The anchors were tested on the mountaintop by being hoisted on tripods and then dropped to the ground; if they survived this, they were pronounced O.K. and would be dragged off to the Hudson—each by six oxen, in the early days. If the anchors were for the American Navy, officers would travel to Mount Riga to observe the testing, and some writers have concluded that gay and lavish balls must have been held there on these occasions. I have found no other evidence for such balls, though, and I suspect that what might be called the Jamshyd approach to ruins has been at work here:

They say the Lion and the Lizard keep
The Courts where Jamshyd gloried and
drank deep.

Mount Riga is well fixed for the lion and the lizard—in the form of bobcats and rattlesnakes—but the courts of Jamshyd take imagining. There was a community on Mount Riga, of course—Riga Village—and the best documented of its old splendors was its general store, which reputedly had four clerks and was better stocked, with items brought back by team from the Hudson, than the stores in the lowland villages round about. If a Salisbury woman wanted a silk dress, I have read, she had to go up on the mountain to get it. Yet that is hardly Jamshyd.

I have been told, I think reliably, that there were some fifty houses in Riga Village or near it. I have also read that a school built there in 1820 took care of seventy-one pupils. These things suggest a population of several hundred souls. It seems likely that men predominated in the community—a boom town in rough surroundings—and this is further indicated by the presence of two extra-large foundations near the furnace, which, I am told, probably supported boarding houses. Many of the Riga men—the Raggies—were good hunters and fishermen, and their life was no doubt on the wild side. I have read about one temperance meeting in Riga Village, after which all the liquor in the store was thrown into the stream. But no doubt it was soon replenished. There was a big payroll on the mountain in boom times, and Salisbury men have always deemed liquor a good investment.

In my Salisbury boyhood, I was enchanted by the idea of the Raggies. The Raggy spirit seemed to me then—as it



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still does—romantic, independent, and rich in flavor. But I could not have said exactly what a Raggy was, and I think this is true of many Salisbury people; there is a tendency nowadays to think that anyone who has lived in the township fairly long, and has a reasonably carefree attitude, should be called a Raggy. Actually, the term makes most sense if it is applied only to people who actually lived on Mount Riga, and maybe to their descendants living nearby—to families with names like Surdam, Ostrander, Rosseter, Thurston, and Ball, which are seen on gravestones in the Mount Riga cemetery. There are many people with such names still in Salisbury. Often they live on the lower slopes of Mount Riga itself—that is, on the upper edges of the settlements around it—and it is they, by and large, who are still the good woodsmen of our township. When I was a boy, the feats of strength and woodcraft attributed to Raggy men filled my imagination, and among my gayest memories are those of Raggy square dances, with Raggy callers and fiddlers. Since I reached the age of twelve, fate has kept me away from Salisbury most of the time—and often from America, too—but the ideal of the Raggies has stayed with me, and my judgment of other peoples, whether Chinese, Tibetans, Greeks, or urban Americans, has always, I think, been colored by it.

TALKING to George had given me a lot to think about, and as I walked back to my camp after leaving him I gazed with new interest at the woods, so like the virgin forest of the colonists. At the cabin, the red-oak tree, denuded by the caterpillars, stood across the brook in all its nakedness. It looked dead, and until that morning I had almost thought it was. But George had told me I was wrong. "It won't grow much this summer," he had said. "It may have no annual ring to mark this year. But that's all. Next year it will put out leaves again and keep on going." I had asked him, too, about the yellow birches near me—why their trunks had grown no taller, why their branches splayed so at the tops. That, he had said, was no doubt because Salisbury is in the south limit of their range. They like a colder climate. They could get by in my ravine, with its chill and dampness, and could get by, too, in the climax forest. But they couldn't do much more than that; you couldn't expect them to be perfect, as in Maine or Canada.

I looked at the oak and the birches

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and thought about them. Then, later, I took a saw and went to cut some firewood. I found an old dead chestnut, and the saw, as usual, went briskly through it. Other dead chestnut trees were lying there, too—the place had always seemed to me a chestnut cemetery. But George had rid me of that idea as well. Chestnut sprouts, he had explained, were still shooting up from the old stumps—even from the old dead trunks. He had shown me such sprouts, with their long green leaves, and now I could find them, too, even in my graveyard. The sprouts wouldn't grow very tall, George had said; the blight was still around and would kill them at an early stage. But still there were developments. The year before, one chestnut shoot on Mount Riga had produced actual burrs, with actual chestnuts in them—the first in nearly fifty years. And so there was hope and progress—life in the most dead-seeming places.

I thought about that, too, as I brought my wood back and split it and stacked it by the stove. Then I took my dip in the brook, got dressed, and had dinner in the dusk. Thrushes sang outside—liquidly, melodiously—but the whippoorwill had gone by then, like the tanagers. I reflected on such changes, and wondered what the birds and insects thought of them. They thought nothing, of course. They didn't think about the chestnut blight, or of the iron and charcoal days, or of the growth potential of the leafless oak. They didn't think about these things, but they acted on them, automatically and vigorously. Man's ways changed, and the woods changed. The insects changed, and the birds changed. And the animals changed, too. They all adapted—they could adapt to anything. But they did it with the native hue of action, not with thought.

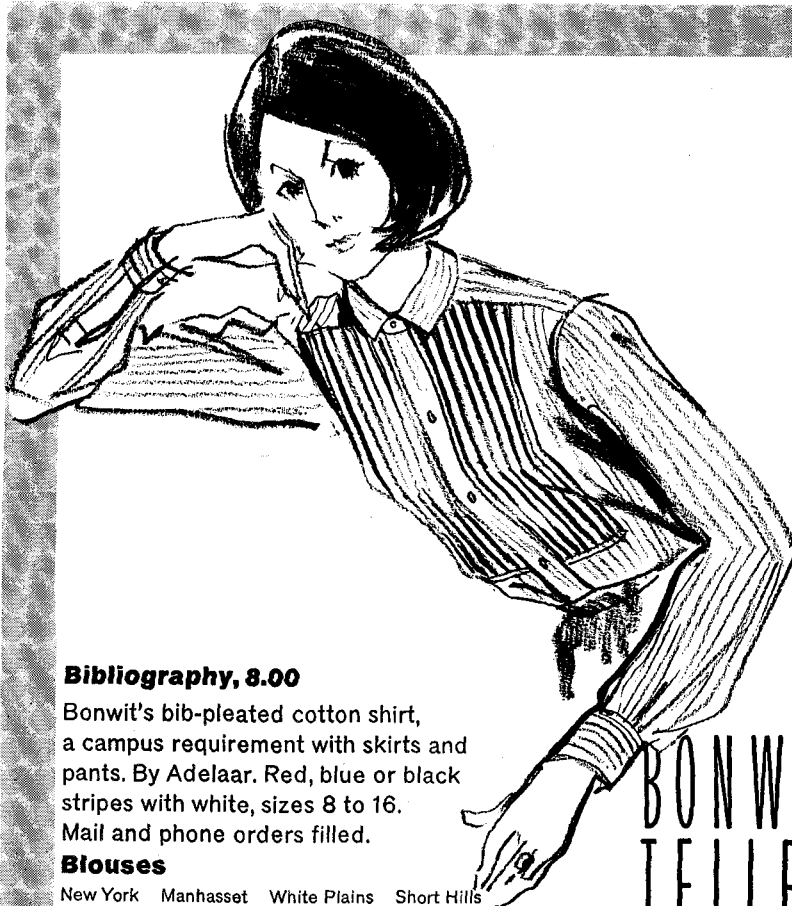
—CHRISTOPHER RAND

WASHINGTON (AP)—“I wish my great fellow protagonist well,” the senator sadly intones, tossing his mane of gray hair and waving his arms grandiosely.

“I shall pray for him, knowing that like the martyrs in the Coliseum, he will be able to say: *rituri, murituros salutant!*” (We who are about to die saulte you.)

Latin scholars may find fault with the grammar, but are charmed by its enunciator—Everett M. Dirksen, Republican senator from Illinois, and minority leader of the Senate.—*Pensacola (Fla.) News-Journal*.

Oh, these eternal faultfinders!



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THE CURRENT CINEMA

All's Well in Holland

"CISKE, THE RAT" is a limp little Dutch film, primitively starched with good intentions. It has one or two odd faces, though, which offer some marginal redemption for its failure to connect at any other level. Dick van der Velde, a stringy young parsnip with a bleached, cuneiform head, is Ciske, driven by lack of love into a fugue of drab delinquency, and Berta Drews, who plays his mother, is a satchel-mouthed Reeperbahn lush who bullies the boy too much and gets a bread knife through her neck. As she mouses her illicit lover with knackwurst and sympathy, her scenes have a *louche* Teutonic kink that puts one pleasantly in mind of those swinish drawings by George Grosz. For the rest, this is a strangely wholesome movie, rather square and quite untouched by the abbreviated moodiness of François Truffaut's imaginative and personal "The 400 Blows," or even that second-hand Nouvelle Vagueness of Tony Richardson's "The Loneliness of the Long Distance Runner." There are no frozen frames, no breathless runs to the edge of winter seas, no fruitless psychiatric interviews—in short, none of that sidelong favor of alienation that has crept here and there into the modern film. The quaint optimism shows up our current esteem not just of delinquency but of melancholy isolation of almost any sort. Truffaut's and Richardson's minicriminals are first cousins of David and Lisa and of Cybèle and her dazed Sunday beau—figures of some preferred, and even heroic, angst. This plain Dutch film, with its old-fashioned faith in society's benevolent homeostasis, does not allow Ciske a flight into the indulgence of despair, and, with the aid of a reformatory chaplain—not, you will note, a psychiatrist—he is brought safely back into the ambit of natural charity. A drab, unknowing piece, it inadvertently highlights our present worship of nausea and surrender.

"TOYS IN THE ATTIC" is what they call a powerful film—it plays with fire, and all that sort of thing. The unflinching self-exposure of the genre is a derivative of those secondary deposits of psychoanalysis which Freud, with some irony, prophesied would flourish in America. It usually goes something like this: A group of people, preferably

a family, are "living a lie," sustaining a fragile social contract of self-deception. Some clown then throws a stone into this glass house of uneasy fictions, and the whole thing comes crashing down in a crescendo of furious accusation. ("You never really loved me. . . . It was Jed, your own father, you really wanted. . . . Go on, say it," and onward.) There is something peculiarly American about this kind of ritual. Freud has simply provided a convenient detonator for a demolition of pride that has its roots, as far as I can see, in the old egalitarian spirit of muckraking and revivalist enthusiasm.

The final abject surrender of the characters in this movie, for example, is curiously paralleled by that of the witnesses who grovel in a transport of self-accusation at the feet of Billy Graham. And, like an evangelist's rally, the whole process is too general and too swift. The characters hardly have time to unpack their individual complexities—and certainly have no time to display those subtle qualifications of motive that are the substance of serious literature—before they are hustled off to the wailing wall.

In this screenplay, taken from Lillian Hellman's Broadway hit, the actors are at work against a crippling dramatic deadline; the main characters, an incestuous trio consisting of two sisters and a brother, are somehow subordinated to the finale toward which the action clearly tends. They are forced therefore, prematurely, to show off the faults in their personalities along which the whole business will eventually crack. Two of the principals work honorably against the damaging pace. As one of the sisters, Geraldine Page spits her catty Southern diphthongs with exhilarating *brío*, but the screenplay gives her no room to maneuver her changes of mood, with the result that her transitions from fluttering Dixie charm to obsidian cruelty are confusing and melodramatic. As the other sister, poor Wendy Hiller is crucified on a caricature of ingrowing virtue, which she nevertheless manipulates with a certain lip-trembling conviction. However, Dean Martin, who plays the brother, moves woodenly throughout—on the verge, one feels, of singing "That's Amore." Also on hand are Yvette Mimieux, who has adjusted nicely to the brain damage sustained in "Light in the Piazza," and Gene Tier-



ney, who, with that controlled Irish-coffee voice, has the only really convincing scene in the film, when she is quizzed by Dean Martin on the subjective quality of wealth. Her modulated, aristocratic sarcasm has a subdued resonance amidst the shrill fortissimo.

DEAN MARTIN's old running partner Jerry Lewis, the gadfly paradox of American comedy, has come out with a movie, "The Nutty Professor," that could be construed as a pictorial supplement to Richard Hofstadter's "Anti-Intellectualism in American Life." The picture is predictably callow, but with the usual infuriating note of high comic quality. Lewis's work is raucously juvenile, but not in the sense in which the term is generally used to dismiss shows of incompetent farce. Far from being incompetent, he possesses astounding gifts both as a mimic and as a *farceur*. His juvenility is an uncanny reproduction of the real thing—that is to say, it's a grubby classroom satire, in which Lewis, with that act of blabbering Neanderthal spasticity that has now become a trademark, plays the schoolroom schlemiel. He is rather like Lenny Bruce in this respect, eliciting favor by exploiting his schlemiel's license to ape the heroes and villains of the youthful community. Here he "puts down teacher"—all teachers, in effect—by playing a cow-college chemistry professor as a myopic little foghead who realizes dreams of sexual grandeur by a bit of abracadabra in the lab. The idiocy of the professor's appearance (a source of delight to his brutish pupils), offset by the frightening power of his potions, nicely illustrates the ambivalence that, according to Hofstadter, stamps the popular anti-intellectualism of America. No joking, this is a very funny movie, with some brilliant visual gags and a stunning parody by Lewis of a Hollywood Rat Pack cad. —JONATHAN MILLER

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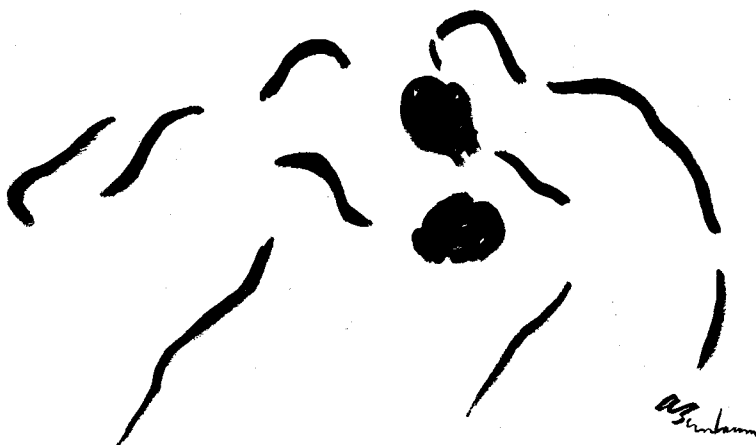
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THE SPORTING SCENE

STARTING ALL OVER AGAIN

THE evidence of the eye is hard to disbelieve but easy to forget. Last September, I sat in Comiskey Park, in Chicago, and saw Charles (Sonny) Liston win the heavyweight boxing championship of the world from Floyd Patterson by knocking him out in two minutes and six seconds. I wrote then, "It was like one of those saloon fights that end abruptly because the chance combatants are not in the same class." I noted that Liston, the considerably bigger man, was so much the stronger that he was able to pull an arm free in a clinch and hit with it, and that since he was at least as fast as Patterson, these advantages made his victory inevitable. "The winning punches were like those a man might use to beat the resistance out of a boy in a street fight," I wrote.

The contract for the Comiskey Park match gave Patterson the right to command a return bout before Liston could fight anybody else, but I hoped that the former champion would waive the privilege. In the words of the great Tunisian historian and form player Ibn Khaldun, "The past resembles the future more than one drop of water resembles another," and it was inconceivable to me that Patterson could do much with the big fellow. Having watched Patterson since he was a seventeen-year-old amateur, in 1952, I had taken a proprietary interest in him—a phenomenon common to sports fans and opera buffs—and I did not want to see him hurt. When I learned through the public prints of his unfortunate decision to force a return fight, I felt sure that he was making a mistake, and I had no wish to see him take the consequences. But as the months of winter went by and the former champion persisted in his determination, I began to remember how Patterson, badly beaten by a Swede named Ingemar Johansson in 1959, had beaten Johansson just as badly in 1960. I should have equally remembered Khaldun on the fallibility of analogy, but I didn't. I more easily recalled how hopeless Patterson had looked in the 1959 fight, flopping about the ring at the Polo Grounds as the Swede floored him six times before the finish, and how he had



seemed an entirely different fighter in the following year, when he flattened the Swede.

In these fantasies I was encouraged by Mr. Cus D'Amato, the manager who developed Patterson, beginning when he was a boy of fourteen and attending a lower East Side school. At the time of the Johansson matches, Cus and Patterson had been estranged—at least partially—for two or three years, during which the fighter had not accepted the manager's advice, although Cus had retained his financial interest in his protégé's earnings. Lawyers and stock promoters from outside the fight game had won away Patterson's confidence from his old Svengali by telling him that he was a grown-up man and should think for himself. This is heady doctrine for a boxer. From the time that these chaps got to Patterson, Cus said, they had had him thinking about everything but fighting, about which they were incapable of advising him. He still believed that his pupil was potentially great, and had, in fact, actually been great twice in his career—against a fighter named Don Grant, in Brooklyn on January 17, 1955, and against Archie Moore, whom he beat for the vacant world heavyweight championship on November 30, 1956. The Grant fight—against a man who rose to no high fame—was in Cus's opinion even better than the triumph over Moore, by now a ring immortal. Floyd knocked Grant out in five rounds. So, in the eyes of a professor of violin, one of his virtuoso pupils may have played the best concert of his career in an obscure town for a small fee. Cus is one of the few managers who care about the techniques of boxing. "The Patterson of the Grant fight would beat even Liston," he said. I did not believe him, but, listening, I thought Patterson might

improve on his Chicago performance.

THE men were first matched to fight the return bout last April in Miami, and by March I found myself reflecting on the infinite variety of things that could happen in a match between heavyweights, and how silly I would feel if Patterson now did what I had half expected him to do in

the first fight, before I had seen Liston at work. The probability was small, but to drop him now made me feel like a deserter. As the date set for the return approached, I telephoned to reserve a ticket. Then Liston hurt one of his knees while swinging a golf club—a confirmation of my theory that boxing is among the less dangerous pastimes—and the fight was postponed. The Miami tourist season ended, eliminating the potential audience there, and the match was remade for Las Vegas on July 22nd. The temperature there at that season is about that of Ouargla, in the Sahara, but the fight would be held in an air-conditioned convention hall. By that time, I wouldn't have missed it for the world.

The twenty-second was a Monday—a day of the week chosen, I imagine, so that the weekend gamblers from California would stay over and, while awaiting the bell, try to win themselves out, to the profit of all the casinos. I got out there on the Saturday, and arrived at the Dunes, my hotel, just in time to attend Patterson's last press conference before the fight. Formal press conferences in dignified surroundings are de rigueur for prizefighters nowadays; I had barely missed Liston's final one, at the Thunderbird, where he was making his headquarters. The sportswriters take turns asking questions, as at a Presidential press conference, and the fighter, at a microphone, answers or says he does not care to. This is a strain on the fighter, who should be concentrating on his business or else playing some simple card game or an intricate practical joke. In the old days, there was division of labor; the managers did the talking and the fighters the fighting, and each excelled in his specialty. Now neither Patterson nor Liston even has an official, practicing manager. Lis-

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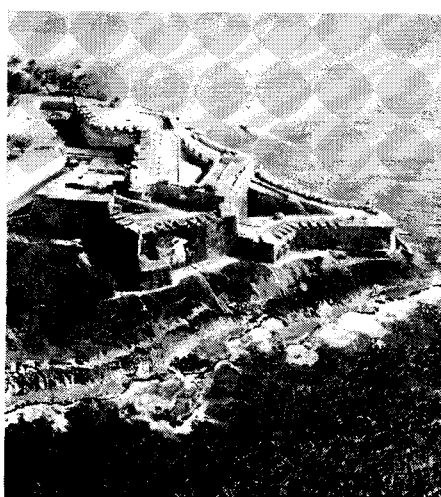
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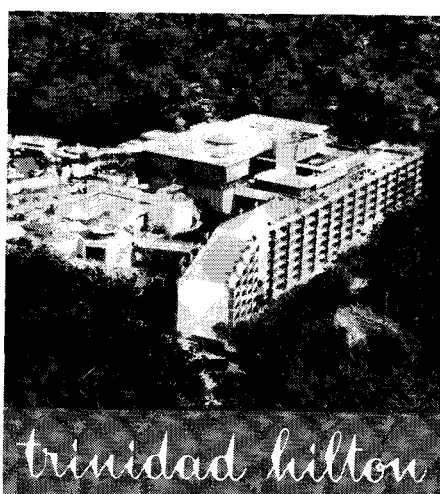
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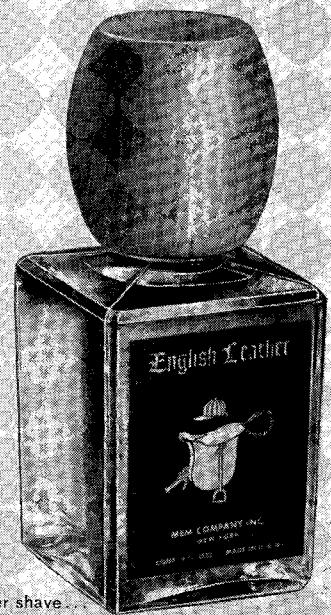
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ton has a man named Jack Nilon whom he calls his "adviser," and Patterson keeps D'Amato at a distance while he deals with the outer world through his counsel.

Patterson, shy and almost inarticulate when he won the 167-pound title at the Helsinki Olympic Games in 1952, is now a highly interesting talker, if you are interested in a man who tries to tell the whole truth. A reporter asked him if he hated Liston, and he said that he had hated only one man in his life—Johansson, between their first and second fights. Then, when he saw Johansson unconscious on the floor, his left leg quivering convulsively, he had quit hating him and had resolved never to hate again. This was good Dostoevski, but not reassuring to bettors who were tempted to take the odds of from four to six to one being offered against Patterson. It did not indicate a satisfactory degree of ferocity. Another chap asked the polite young man whether Liston could be knocked out like anybody else, and Patterson said, "Of course he can be." He then spoiled it by adding, "I don't say I'll be the one to do it, but he can be." What he should have said—or, better, let a manager say for him—was "Sure he can be, and I'm going to prove it by knocking him out quicker than he licked me last time." (Managers frequently adopt the vicarious first person.) He then talked for a bit about his trip to Birmingham, Alabama, in company with Jackie Robinson, the former baseball star, to take part in a protest parade. "You feel like an animal walking in a jungle," he said. "It is not like part of the United States." His concern for social justice was manifest, but it did not sound quite like fight talk.

The former champion does not look big in either ring or street clothes—the record book claims an even six feet for him—and his face, with its long, up-tilted nose, continues to look boyish, though he is now twenty-eight. After the Chicago fight, as all the world now knows, he made his escape wearing a false beard and mustache, to avoid the humiliation of condolences. A reporter asked him about that, and he said, "If any of you men had been in my position, with letters pouring in on me from all over the country to beat Liston, and then losing as disgraceful as I did, you would have jumped off the roof." In taking the return match, I judged, he wanted to expunge the disgrace. A British correspondent I know who always persuades himself to pick the long shots told me, as the conference broke up, that Patterson was sure to win. "He's been on the road every morning

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in ninety degrees of heat"—this is the cool of the dawn in Las Vegas—"whilst Liston has been doing his training in a Turkish bath. He's been sweating the pounds off, and his legs show it." Hank Greenspun, the publisher of the Las Vegas *Sun*, admitted that he had bet three hundred dollars on the challenger at one to six-and-a-half. "I couldn't pass up those odds," he said. His paper had an admirable Las Vegas headline that day about a local murder: "GLUE SNIFFER ORDERED TO GAS CHAMBER."

Sunday morning, I taxied to the Thunderbird to reconnoitre the champion's faction. Las Vegas is a taxi-driver's paradise, because visitors use cabs for any distance longer than fifty yards from one air-cooled interior to another. The Thunderbird was built some ten years ago and so ranks as a historic hostelry in Las Vegas, but the action at its craps tables is as lively and the clangor of its slot machines as deafening as those of its juniors. The champion had withdrawn from public contact, but I talked to his trainer, Willie Reddish, a man almost as big and more willingly informative. Reddish is a large, light-colored buffer between Liston and the rest of the world; Sonny, he explains to anybody who will listen, is really a good-natured fellow who just likes to scowl and shout. "He likes to get a man worked up, understand? But in the same time, he'll do anything for you. Now me, I'm just the other way. I seldom holler, but when I do, I'll stay angry the longest time." The champion, Willie said, was in the best shape of his career. "Him and Jersey Joe Walcott are the strongest heavyweights I ever saw," he said. "But he's stronger." Reddish went ten rounds with Jersey Joe back in 1936, when ham and eggs were hard to come by. He does not believe that the whole of the Sweet Science is contained within the ring; like all good trainers, he watches what goes on outside. The first time I met him, a year or so ago, when Liston was training for the first fight, he said that he was discounting young Cassius Clay, the Louisville poet, because Clay was too good-looking. "The women will ruin him long before he gets up there," he said. "Ugly fighters are the best." When I reminded him this time that Clay looked as though he were "up there" already—the next opponent for Liston after the Patterson fight—Willie said, "He came up faster than I thought. In such a short time, it wouldn't be long enough for the women to get him. But Sonny will take care of him." Reddish said that they ex-



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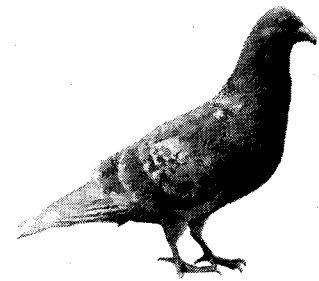
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pected Patterson to come out fighting.

I made inquiries for D'Amato every time I met some member of the Fancy and sat down for the inevitable glass of iced tea and accompanying anecdote. But I did not catch up with him until late that afternoon, in his room at the Tallyho, a new hotel that has the unique distinction of having no gambling devices on the premises. Las Vegas other than the proprietor consider this innovation too startling to succeed. Cus has a round head with a snow-white crew cut—the head of a Roman bust or an elegant Fratellini. He is a nimble man; he jumps into his trousers with both feet in the morning to protect his joints against rust. His clothes are sombre but expensive, his language frequently ornate. He is in his mid-fifties now, and full of theories about boxing, one being that the famous men of old were over-rated, which he loves to demonstrate by showing films of old fights. He used to run a small gymnasium over a poolroom on Fourteenth Street, near Luchow's, and he still owns it. Cus encouraged neighborhood boys to box, but he had the gym for many years before he found the one apostle who could assimilate the style he taught and win with it (or, in the opinion of some critics, in spite of it) consistently. Patterson was the kid apostle, and D'Amato and the boy worked their way up through the minor and the better-class amateurs, and then the professional shows in small clubs in Brooklyn, with detours to places like Moncton, New Brunswick, and New Britain, Connecticut. At Las Vegas, Cus was to second Patterson in the ring, but he was not living at the Patterson training camp—an evidence of their now ambiguous relationship. Mr. D'Amato saw his former protégé as being separated from him by the sinister intrigues of people with financial designs against both of them. Last winter, he admitted to me that because of his divided mind Patterson was no longer "great." Few impartial critics ever conceded that he had been, but they had praised him when he beat Johansson. Cus said that he could be great again if he regained the proper state of mind.

"He has got to be the great Patterson again to get it back," he told me at the Tallyho. "The Grant Patterson, or even the Moore Patterson. He don't have to be any better. Weight is not an insuperable handicap, especially for heavyweights. I've seen plenty of welterweights beat middleweights, which is more serious. The essential is that the little guy have enough punch to take the big guy out, and Floyd has demonstrated the ability against other big guys.



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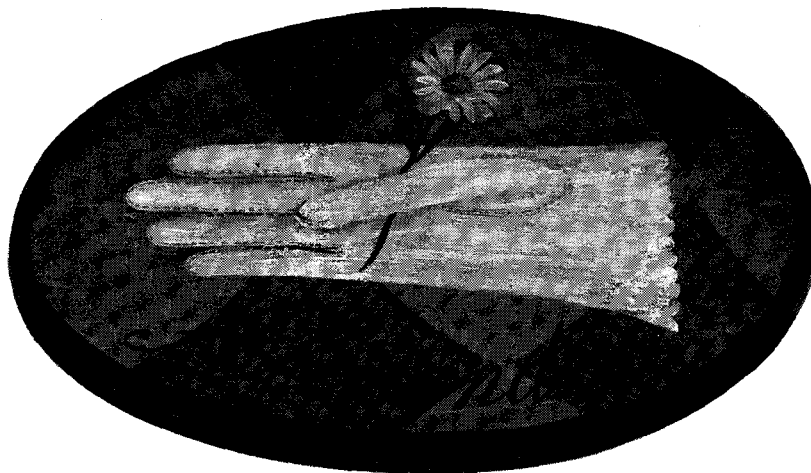
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Liston is not invincible unless you stand still. Then he throws a lot of punches. But if you keep moving, he gets confused. Floyd stood still the last time. That was the trouble. He had his right glove up by the side of his face, and the guy threw a long left hook and hit him in the temple. That started the series of three left hooks, and Floyd says he never saw the last one coming." This picture of merely tactical defeat was not the one that I retained. "He and I are the only ones who believe it," Cus said, "but you're going to see the great Patterson tomorrow night, and he's going to win."

NOTHING of the sort happened in the Convention Center the next night, of course. The bout was set for seven-thirty in the evening, so that it could be on closed television in the East at a reasonable hour. The program was late in starting, but even so it was one of the shortest evenings of boxing that I can remember. The hall, as new as almost everything else in the gambling town, holds a maximum of eight thousand spectators, and there were more than seventy-five hundred present—a striking illustration of how quickly fight fans forget, or how eternally hope springs, or how few people read Ibn Khaldun. The seats cost from twenty to one hundred dollars. The single preliminary ended with a knockout in two minutes and twenty-three seconds. Then Patterson and his faction entered the ring, Cus climbing through the ropes first. Patterson looked in magnificent shape—wide, for him, across the chest, and weighing five pounds more than in Chicago. The booing and cheering were about equally loud. To boo the underdog at a fight is not usual, and I could interpret it only as an expression of contempt. But if the booers thought so little of him, why did they pay to see the fight? Liston entered next, and for him the booing was unanimous and loud, although he is a pleasing fighter to watch and has declined no suggested opponent. His size and his public scowl, perhaps, are the chief counts against him, although the latter is only a professional tool, like a doctor's bedside manner. His competence is also resented, as if it were not quite fair for a man to know his business. At two hundred fifteen and a half pounds, he was twenty-one pounds heavier than Patterson, and had a considerable advantage in height and reach. Old and new boxers were introduced from the ring, where they came to wish the evening's heroes well, and among them was the self-advertising Cassius Clay, a handsome giant. Clay touched Patterson's glove and then, after look-



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ing at Liston, vaulted over the ring ropes in simulated terror. This made Patterson laugh so spontaneously that I thought he could not be tense.

But when the bell rang, it was evident that Ibn Khaldun was a voice to be heeded, for the match in Las Vegas was as unequal as the one in Chicago. The inequality became clear even earlier, in fact, because in Chicago Liston had spent the first minute feeling Patterson out; now, having studied the subject sufficiently, he went right to work with a hard straight left to the face, and then, as Patterson rocked, a couple of hard blows to the body. (What most boxing writers now call Liston's left jab is what writers of an older day would have called a straight left—a longer, more jarring blow that is designed to hurt a man as well as throw him off balance.) There was no effective riposte. Liston was on top of Patterson all the time. When the smaller man tried to clinch, Liston hammered him about the belly, and when he bent low, Liston banged his ribs. The tempo was faster than in the Chicago bout, and Liston hit him a great deal more often, knocking him down three times instead of once in approximately the same number of seconds. Knocked out of firing position every time Liston hit him, Patterson got in no effective blow—the one right hand that he seemed to land on Liston's jaw after the first knockdown proved, on inspection of the fight film, to have grazed off. When the referee counted Patterson out, only two minutes and ten seconds had elapsed—a hundred and thirty seconds, as compared with a hundred and twenty-six in Chicago. But, as Liston said after the fight, the hundred and thirty seconds included two counts of eight after knockdowns, so that the fighters were really in action for less time at Las Vegas. Patterson, as in Chicago, picked himself up at the last knockdown one second too late, but it was clear that he could not continue.

THE Convention Center, unlike most places where prizefights are held, has a number of ancillary halls and suites, so that Patterson and Liston enjoyed the luxury of two adjoining dressing rooms apiece—one to change in and one in which to give the inevitable post-fight conference. This is a civilized way of doing things, although it may be hard on the boys on the morning papers, who have to wait a few minutes longer to get the deathless words they usually cull from bloody lips. (Still, it seems less like prizefighting.) Liston, as might be expected, since he was completely undamaged, was first out of his dressing room.

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He wore a blue denim shirt and slacks, and one of those funny little straw hats with a feather in it, as if he had been spending an evening at an amusement park. The sportswriters asked the customary questions—Had he been hurt at any time? Had the fight been harder than the last one? When had he been sure he would win?—and he answered in the monosyllables, or pairs of them, that are his habitual response to superfluous inquiries. ("A newspaperman will look up at the sun and ask you if the sun is shining," he once said.) He has a concave face, with a bulging forehead and a heavy jaw, and his voice can make "yes" sound like an insult. Then somebody asked him what he had thought when he heard the crowd boo.

"I just thought, well, I'll fix them," he said. Then, "They have to swing along with me till somebody else comes along to beat me." He sounded as if he wanted to be liked more than anything else in the world. A reporter asked him how long it would take him to beat Cassius Clay the beautiful, and he said, "Two rounds—one and a half to ketch him, and a half a round to lick him."

Some of the reporters had wondered whether Patterson would flee into the night, as he had after the Chicago bout, but he didn't. When he appeared in his conference room, with D'Amato at his right hand, he said that he had put the mustache aside forever; he was "through with those things," which, I hoped, included the passion for self-examination that has preoccupied him in these latter years. He blamed nothing and nobody for losing. "I felt inside I could win tonight," he said. "I felt good until I got hit. Liston is just a better fighter than I am—or was tonight." He said that he didn't want another return fight—"I'm out of the picture." But when a reporter asked him if he would now retire, unmarked and with plenty of money, he said, "No, I'm going back to the bottom

and start all over again. I love boxing, and if there was no money in it I'd stick to it anyway."

Certainly nothing had happened that night to encourage his love, but a man does not become a good boxer unless he likes to box—a point that the anti-boxing people either don't understand or ignore. And Patterson, at twenty-eight, has devoted half his time on earth to it. "Never mind, Floyd, you're still the greatest!" somebody in the little crowd shouted. As Patterson finished his speech and started toward the door, somebody else cried, "You can train down and win the light-heavyweight championship. Then you'll still be champion."

I found myself next to D'Amato and asked him what had happened. "It was the same as last time," Cus said, again ignoring the discrepancy between the two men. "He didn't move around. We would have said something to correct him in the corner between rounds, but the guy knocked him out before we had a chance. He can still lick anybody else in the world." Patterson and his other handlers headed for the car that would take them back to camp, and D'Amato and I walked out of the Convention Center together. Patterson, if he had won, could have named his own price for a third fight with Liston, and Cus's share would have been in six figures. For a man who had lost all that future money, he seemed oddly cheerful.

We had not eaten yet, and Cus suggested the Tallyho, because, having no gambling, it was quiet. At table, the manager, usually abstemious, had a Manhattan, chicken-liver pâté, calf's liver smothered with onions, and cherry cheesecake. "I am always at my best when the bottom drops out," he said after this dissipation. And I could imagine him packing his bag to accompany the new-model Patterson to Moncton, New Brunswick.

—A. J. LIEBLING

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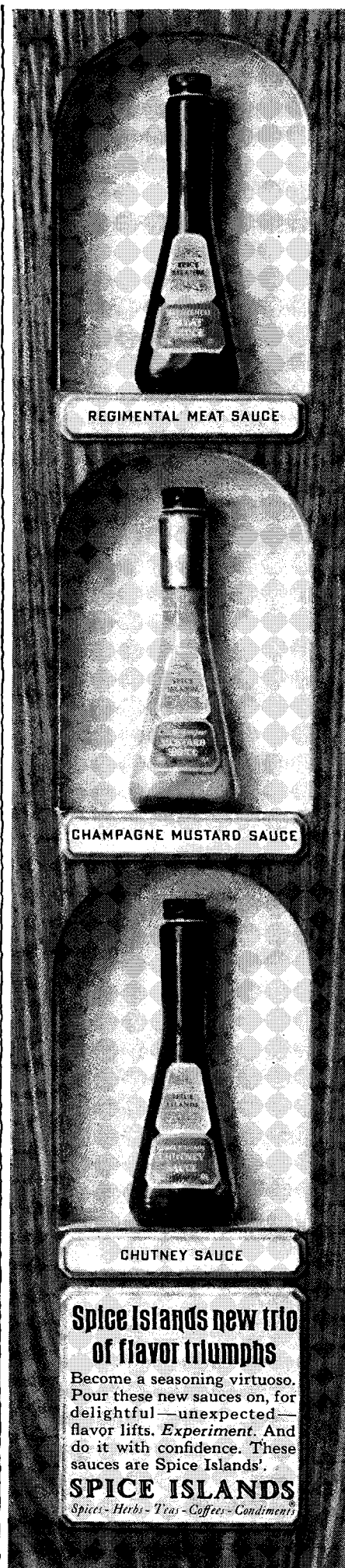
They're sweeter than the grapes on the Hampton Court vine:
Mary and Janet and Helen and Caroline.

They're sweeter than the mango, the papaw, and the melon:
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THIS THING ABOUT FRANK

AT the Franklin D. Roosevelt Library, in Hyde Park, the late President is shown as baseball manager in his sixth-form year at Groton School. Dressed in a dark suit and identified as "the one in the hat," he stands next to the coach in an enlargement of part of the 1900 squad picture. The uniformed players around him are nameless, and for this my father, who is among them, would be grateful. He wouldn't be any happier over ending up in such a place than over having the 1900 team remembered for its manager, and mention of that hat, a boater, wouldn't help. It is worn with a baseball hatband, and since Father didn't accept managers as real members of a team, he considered it in poor taste for them to wear its colors.

As a boy, when I looked at our print of the squad picture, I used to wonder if having to be photographed with Roosevelt was why Father had turned away from the camera. That smile of his, Father said, made it just that much worse, but in the picture Roosevelt is looking as serious and determined as the others. It was taken before the annual big game against St. Mark's, which Groton won for the first time in five years. The victory was due partly to Father's work on second base; also, in spite of his being only a fifth-former and the smallest player on the team, he shone as a batter. Each time he came up to the plate that day, he reminded himself how important winning the game was to the Rector. This was the Reverend Endicott Peabody, Groton's founder and headmaster.

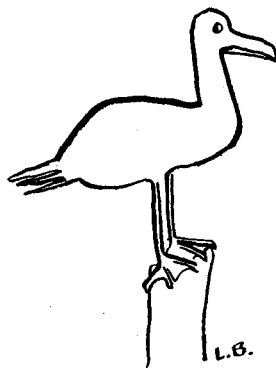
Anybody who upset the Rector had Father to deal with, and one of his complaints against Roosevelt was that he had put the Rector in an embarrassing position by going into Democratic politics. They were not for Groton boys. Father claimed that Tammany Hall had put Roosevelt in the Governor's mansion, but Tammany didn't control the National Convention, and there he would be cut down to size. The news of Roosevelt's nomination hit Father hard. He and a form mate went for a walk, and took me with them. Neither of them spoke during the entire walk. When we arrived at the front door of the other man's house, he took out his keys and Father said abruptly, "I can't understand this thing about

Frank. He never amounted to much at School."

Father's friends, some of whom, like him, had gone direct from School to Wall Street, thought the idea of Roosevelt's running for President a joke. The odds the smart money was laying on him worried them, but they said that the People would never elect a man who was a traitor to his class. They felt their judgment was confirmed when the Rector announced that he wouldn't vote for Roosevelt, and was seconded by the other Roosevelts—the real ones, Father called them.

When the results of the election were in, Father and his friends were staggered, and they went around in a daze, shaking their heads. It was a catastrophe almost as serious as the 1929 crash, they said. Roosevelt would fix them now, and all good Groton men like them. Father's friends used to drop by our apartment in the East Fifties with the latest libels about him from downtown, which they would enlarge on over cocktails. By the time the second dividend was poured from our big silver shaker, they were excited enough to sound as if they really believed what they were saying. As the Inauguration drew close, they were increasingly gloomy, and would sit over their drinks in the dusk with large sighs.

Two days after the Inauguration, Father came uptown early from his office, and, having forgotten his key, rang the bell. I let him in and he brushed by me without a word. Wondering why he looked so pale, I followed him down the hall to his dressing room and watched while he counted aloud a pocketful of coins and stacked them in neat piles on the shelf with his athletic trophies.



Then he looked a long time at the Squad picture hanging next to it, the only one of his Groton collection which showed Roosevelt. Finally, he said that That Man had closed the banks, every one, and that was all the money we'd see for a while, maybe forever.

He opened a bureau drawer and took out his Army .45 automatic to clean it, as he often did. Together with a large blackjack, the gun had been issued to him during the First World War, when he was serving in Military Intelligence. First as a captain and later as a major, he commanded a unit of the Corps of Intelligence Police, known as the bomb

squad, at New York City Police Headquarters. During this service he lived at home and was in frequent contact with his brokerage firm. According to a yellowed clipping from the *New York Herald* of November 30, 1918, Father's unit "broke up many anarchist groups and pro-German bomb plotters in the metropolitan district and sent their leaders to prison." I grew up thinking that he was assigned to investigate the Wall Street Bombing, in which thirty-nine people were killed and four hundred more were injured, on September 16, 1920, and that Father worked on the case each day after the Exchange closed. Apparently, this is not true, but he loved to talk about the Wall Street Bombing, which he was convinced had been perpetrated by the Bolsheviks, and which he did have some connection with. His head was banged against another's, and hard. He was having lunch at the Stock Exchange Lunch Club, and it was under the table that he met the other man's head. The other man was not a member.

I held the oilcan for Father now as he worked on the gun. Closing the banks, he said, was part of a Bolshevik plot to destroy the economy. And while he still hoped Roosevelt wasn't one of them, there was no question about some of those people he was always listening to. Absolutely none. . . . When the gun was finished, he aimed at the squad picture and said, "He better not show up at the School's Fiftieth Anniversary, that's all." Then he looked at me, laughed, and said not to worry; after what Roosevelt had done, he would never dare show his face at School even if the Rector invited him, which he wouldn't think of doing.

As a student the next year at Groton, I didn't hear much about Roosevelt, but there was a lot of excitement over the Anniversary. It was to be a time we would never forget. In spite of what Father had said, the President did get an invitation, and it was accepted. Father stood up for the Rector, saying that the Anniversary was so important the President of the United States had to be asked, no matter who he was. When the word came that *they*—meaning Roosevelt sympathizers—had got to the Rector, it was a bad time. The Rector couldn't be wrong, Roosevelt couldn't be right, and Father's friends said now they were really done for. One of them casually mentioned the possibility of assassination, but Father said he wouldn't have such talk in his house. They weren't going down to That Man's level, at least not that far down,

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and besides, you don't assassinate Groton boys. "There are other ways of handling the problem," Father said, "and if *he* insists on coming for the Anniversary, well, it will be handled. You know how hard I have always played, and I'll take care of it in my own way." His friends could count on him, he said.

I don't know if they believed him, though they said they were behind him one hundred per cent, but I believed him. On my return to school, I wrote what I hoped was a tactful letter suggesting that Father not come for the Anniversary. The weekend was bound to be a mess, and I was sure he knew how hot it could get in June at Groton. In reply came a Stock Exchange sell-order form with the message that he was bullish about the market but not about me. He didn't know what was going on up there, but he hadn't thought he would ever have to wonder if Groton was the right school for a son of his. He closed by saying it certainly was going to be a hot weekend and we were going to have a long talk during it.

The instructions that were passed out to the boys were specific: We were hosts—Groton hosts—and we were expected to behave accordingly. Since we would be far outnumbered by the guests, we had our work cut out for us. The graduates, regardless of their present calling in life, were to be considered as equal in importance. This meant *all* graduates. The school cheer would be given for them at times thought appropriate by the prefects, but, as with all other demonstrations of approval, only at the prefects' direction. There was no mention of expression of disapproval, and there didn't need to be. The threat of what would happen to any boy—or graduate, for that matter—who forgot what the Rector saw as the Groton code hung over the place all weekend.

The guiding principle of keeping us busy was exactly what I had in mind for Father, but since I didn't see how I could regulate his activities, I had to rely on distracting him. To do this I had to be with him. I couldn't be in two places at the same time—where duty to the School required me to be and where responsibility for Father said I had to be—and I could see a crop of blackmarks coming. I decided I would settle for as many as they might add up to by the time the weekend was over if I could keep him out of the way.

Instead of assembling with my form on that Friday morning, I waited for Father at the gate. He was to have spent the night in Boston with a fellow-veteran from the bomb-squad days. I knew what that meant. Long drinks

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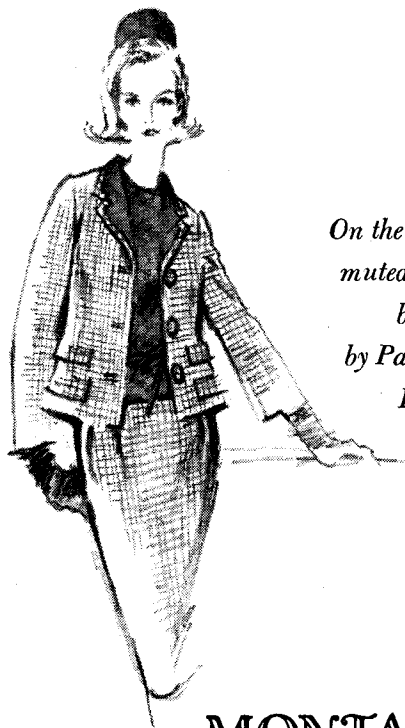
and long thoughts about the Bolsheviks they should have stood up against the wall and shot, as a matter of principle. Father and the President were both late.

At last I heard distant sirens. They belonged to the President's escort, composed of Massachusetts state police, on motorcycles, and as they coasted through the gate, they looked well armed and businesslike. They were followed by a sedan full of what I assumed were Secret Service men. It stopped just inside the gate, and a large Packard touring car, its top down and the Seal of the President of the United States on the rear doors, drew up behind it. The President was sitting in back. I watched him remove a cigarette from a long holder. He wore a gray suit, a dark tie, and a panama hat. He looked bigger than I had expected—almost as big as the Rector, which made him a lot bigger than Father. As the Packard moved on, he was laughing, with his head thrown back.

Presently, I heard "The Star-Spangled Banner" in the distance. Father still hadn't come, and I decided he wasn't going to make it. I was about to try to rejoin my form inconspicuously when there was a squealing of brakes and a tired Boston taxi stopped short of the gate. Father got out carefully, gave me a tense nod, and winced as he paid the driver. Breathing rather heavily, he frowned at the driveway and said that, naturally, *he* was already here. Just like him to be early. No taste at all. I explained that they were both late, and he gave me a long look, and then said that we certainly *would* have a talk, but right now he was going to pay his respects to the Rector.

THE student body had lunch in the baseball cage, there being not enough room in the dining hall, and in the middle of the afternoon I saw Father waving at me from across the lawn and went to him. "They're about to line up to meet the President, on the steps of the Rector's house," Father said. "The Rector wants it. But it is over-doing things." The line was forming already, and as we went to the end, Father barely nodded at the men he knew. Several of them winked conspiratorially, wished him luck, or told him to go to it. I felt as if only I didn't know what was coming. Looking down the driveway where the Packard was surrounded by police and Secret Service men taking it easy, I saw they were in just the wrong place—too far away to stop him but near enough to catch him.

The President was on the landing,



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between one of his sons and the Rector, and as he shook hands with one person after another, clearly enjoying himself, I noticed that he wasn't wearing the baseball hatband, and mentioned this to Father. His back was rigid, and though I knew he heard me, he didn't answer. Somebody in the line called to him, "Don't let us down!" and he didn't pay any attention to this remark, either, but kept advancing stiffly as the line moved slowly forward. The nearer we got to the steps, the more worried I became. Finally, I decided to try prayer. I worked hard at it, shuffling along behind Father with my eyes closed. The schoolhouse bell rang, and it coincided with the President's shouting Father's name—and his *first* name at that. I opened my eyes and saw that Father had stepped to one side and was staring up at the President. His face was white and his fists were clenched. There was laughter from behind us. The President waved at Father and called to him to come up there and give him the hand that won the St. Mark's game. Father ran to the head of the line and up the steps, and I heard him say, "Frank, you look great!"

I shut my eyes tight, and this time really prayed. Then I heard my name being boomed out in the Rector's great voice. I looked up at the landing. Father was between the Rector and the President, looking very small but smiling, and each of them had an arm around him. In a dream, I went up the steps and found myself sticking a hand out at the President. He asked me if I was going out for baseball, and Father said, "You bet, Frank."

I went out on the lawn to recover, and shortly Father joined me. Taking my arm to steer me to his friends under some trees across the lawn, he told me not to worry about having been shy with the President. At first, he said, he had been shy, too, but nobody could be shy with him for long. Father's friends were laughing as we came up to them, and somebody asked him if that was what he had meant by handling things in his own way. He stood very straight, and said to cut it out. He and the Rector agreed, he said, that even if Frank had made a mess of things, he was still a Groton boy and should be given another chance.

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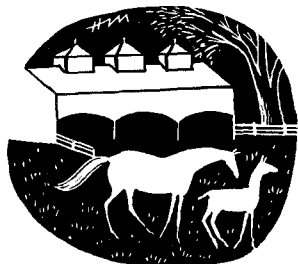
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THE RACE TRACK

Monmouth Show

THE Sapling Stakes, which was won by Mr. Brick at Monmouth Park last Saturday, was as thrilling a race for two-year-olds as I've seen all season, and, in addition, it offered another instance of the uncertainties of the sport. For weeks, the event had been shaping up as a two-horse affair between Raise a Native, unbeaten in his four starts and generally regarded as the best of his age, and Big Pete, unbeaten in his five starts. The morning before their meeting, Raise a Native bowed a tendon in his left foreleg during a short workout, and he probably won't be seen under colors again until next spring.



A bow, to be clinical about it, is a rupture of the sheath that covers the rear tendon in a horse's leg, and the injury actually looks like a bowstring drawn back to shoot an arrow. It occurs most frequently from a severe strain on the leg in a race or a workout, but occasionally for no discernible reason at all, and it is one of the most dreaded disabilities that can afflict a racer. Curiously, the better our horses are, the more brittle they are.

As the eight runners for the Sapling paraded to the post, Big Pete, who had become the obvious favorite, seemed to me a rather plain colt, but big and strong, like his sire, Degage, who was a very well-made sprinter. The quickest out of the starting gate was Ash Blue, who stepped off the first quarter in 0:21 $\frac{1}{5}$, and he was joined by Mr. Brick at the half, which was ticked off in 0:45 $\frac{1}{5}$. From there, Mr. Brick took command, but Big Pete, who was never worse than fourth, was wearing him down in the stretch. As they passed the post, Mr. Brick was half a length ahead and Bold Sultan was third, two lengths behind. The six furlongs were run in 1:10 $\frac{3}{5}$. Thus Mr. Brick, who is owned by Roy Sturgis, a Texas lumberman, ended a series of seconds in stakes—to Chieftain in the Tyro at Monmouth, to Big Pete in the Christiana and the Dover at Delaware Park, and to Raise a Native in the Great American at Aqueduct. Incidentally, Mr. Brick picked up \$62,967 in prize money.

NO doubt about it, Candy Spots likes Arlington Park; he's never lost a race there. I thought the distance of the Arlington Classic—a mile—might not

be long enough for him, since he was giving weight to a dozen fast runners, but from all accounts he swept around them on the far turn and went on to win by more than four lengths. Admiral Vic, a 77-1 shot, was second, and B. Major, who beat Candy Spots in the Chicagoan—that was at Washington Park—was third. It was Candy Spots' sixth victory this season in races with hundred-thousand-dollar purses. His next start will be in the Travers at Saratoga a week from Saturday; the purse is only \$75,000.

AS everybody expected, Kelso had an easy time in the Whitney Stakes at Saratoga last weekend. Watching the race on TV at Monmouth (they have all the comforts of home over there), one could see that it was just a question of when Valenzuela, who rode him, would let him roll, and of how much he'd win by. He paid \$2.70—a surprisingly liberal price in the circumstances. Saidam was second and Sunrise County third. As for other items, Irvkup, from Harbor View Farm, which owns Raise a Native, started things off officially at the Spa by beating Alphabet and eight other two-year-olds in the Flash Stakes. Opening day wouldn't be opening day without a long shot. As a matter of fact, there were two—Portico II, who paid \$45.60, and Beyond Call, who paid \$102. Beyond Call is owned by the Tartan Stable and trained by Johnny Nerud, who has more plaid caps, all with different patterns, than there are clans in Scotland. Gallatia, on her performance in the Schuylerville, in which she beat ten other two-year-old fillies, should be well fancied for the Spinaway later on.

IF one were at all superstitious, one might say that it isn't in the cards for Cicada to win the Delaware Handicap. Twice now, the plucky little filly has finished second in the richest race anywhere for members of her sex. This time, at Delaware Park a fortnight ago, Waltz Song, to whom she gave twelve pounds, fought off her challenge in the stretch and won by half a length, paying a \$148.60 mutuel. Not the least of Cicada's bad luck was that her saddle slipped early in the race, for which nobody can blame Shoemaker, who rode her.

—AUDAX MINOR



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IN defining a poem in terms of its psychological effect on the reader, Poe introduced the element of time into aesthetic values. "All excitements," he argued in "The Poetic Principle," "are, through a psychal necessity, transient," and half an hour "at the very utmost" is the limit of "that degree of excitement which would entitle a poem to be so called at all." There are, of course, poems that take longer to read. Yet though it is physically present in print, for Poe "a long poem does not exist." A comparable time limit on paintings was proposed recently by Marcel Duchamp. Discussing "the short life of a work of art," he declared that a painting possesses an aesthetic "smell or emanation" that persists for twenty to thirty years, after which it dissolves and the work dies. As illustration, he mentioned his own "Nude Descending a Staircase;" despite all the current fuss about it, he said, the "Nude" is dead, "completely dead." As against the common-sense notion of the poem or painting as an object, Poe and Duchamp pose the idea of the work as a center of energy that gives rise to psychic events. To attribute life to things is a species of fetishism, but theirs is a modern variety because it is measured by the clock. In the introspection of Poe and the history consciousness of Duchamp, an interval of portentous time replaces the transcendental "thing" of the older magic and the older aesthetic. The work of art is, in their view, like an irradiated substance.

The concept of painting as involved in time is of fairly recent origin. The French Catholic philosopher Etienne Gilson, analyzing the nature of painting in his "Painting and Reality," refers to "the received [i.e., accepted] distinction between arts of time (poetry, music) and arts of space (sculpture, painting and, generally speaking, the 'arts of design')." Gilson endeavors to uphold this distinction by arguing that though the aesthetic experience of a painting continues for so many minutes, then ceases, the painting itself has a physical existence in space and that this spatial existence determines the nature of painting as an art. The spatial concept has, however, he admits, been meeting resistance among modern aestheticians and artists, probably from artists most

of all. Gilson finds himself in direct conflict with Paul Klee's assertion, in his "Creative Credo," that Gotthold Lessing's celebrated separation, in his "Laokoon," between arts of space and arts of time is out of date in twentieth-century space-time thinking. It takes time, Klee explained, for a dot to turn

into a line, for a line to form a surface, and so forth—in sum, for the picture as a whole to be brought into being out of its parts. It takes time, too, for the spectator to appreciate it: "Leisure-time," said Klee, plus, he added (quoting Feuerbach, the nineteenth-century phenomenologist), a chair to keep the fatigue of the legs from distracting the mind. All this phenomenology of action and response is appli-



cable, Gilson concedes, but only to "the genesis of the work of art and . . . its apprehension by a beholder." A painting is of time when it is considered as an encounter between the artist and his audience. It is of space when it is conceived of as a thing; that is to say, as Gilson puts it, "from the point of view of the work of art itself."

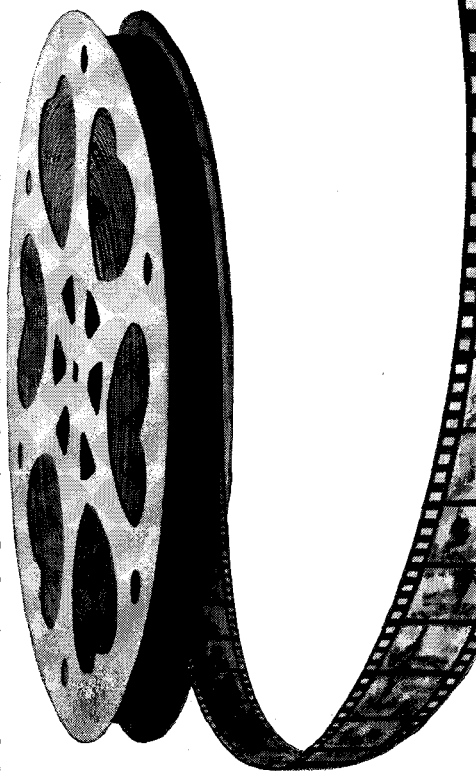
The concept of the work of art as a physical object that introduces itself between the artist's act of creation and the excitement of the spectator is of capital importance in regard to twentieth-century art. That a painting is to be considered as a thing not merely for the sake of philosophical completeness but for ideological purposes is made amply clear by Gilson in "Painting and Reality." Art that is, in his words, "in keeping with the physical mode of existence that belongs to painting" will conform to and uphold values of stability and permanence, which means that it will oppose the evanescent-energy concepts of Poe, Duchamp, Klee, and other contemporaries. From the essential "thingness" of painting Gilson derives an aesthetics of quiescence, contemplation, pattern, as against the "action" tradition of such paintings as Géricault's "Epsom Derby" and Jacques-Louis David's "Bonaparte Crossing the St. Bernard." Paintings like the David and the Poussin "Rape of the Sabine Women" are to be restudied in such a way as to transform their "motion in time" into "visual pattern in space." Gilson carries his concept to the literal conclusion that the still-life is

the supreme subject of painting, since "in a still-life nothing acts, nothing gesticulates, nothing does anything else than to be"—a formula of negatives curiously homologous with the anti-Expressionist pronouncements of Ad Reinhardt. In sum, the concept of the art object becomes the basis for imposing on paintings a mental "set" or gridiron of values apart from the actual experience of both painters and spectators.

Gilson's metaphysics of the art object provides (in reverse) a clue as to why so many modern paintings and sculptures are deliberately produced out of materials that change or fall apart. The short-lived work of art, as dramatized by the self-annihilating "sculpture" exhibited by Tinguely three years ago in the garden of the Museum of Modern Art, displays art as an event. To affirm the phenomena of creation and their effects on the beholder as the exclusive content of a painting, twentieth-century art has been willing to condemn the work itself to extinction. Duchamp, though he doubts that aesthetic shock is any longer possible, seems himself shocked by the degree to which contemporary artists connive at the self-destruction of their products. "It's the most revolutionary attitude possible," he has asserted, "because they know they're killing themselves. It is a form of suicide, as artists go; they kill themselves by using perishable materials." Apparently, Duchamp can endure the thought that his "Nude" is dead but is awed that a work shall vanish and take its creator with it.

The concept of the "short life" of a painting is an antidote to the effects of the painting as an object that obstructs the psychic transaction between the artist and spectator. One who today reacts with excitement to Duchamp's "Nude" is, in the opinion of her creator, stimulated by "the thing he has learned" (its reputation as a great painting) rather than by the painting itself. From the artist's point of view, better a dead work than one enveloped forever in abstractions. In the end, Duchamp acknowledges that his notion of the fading aroma or "soul" of a painting may be a fantasy. But it has a vital, practical function: "it helps me make a distinction between aesthetics and art history."

THE aesthetics of impermanence stresses the work of art as an interval in the life of both artist and spectator. Compositions into which found objects are glued or affixed or from which they protrude or are suspended subject art to time on equal



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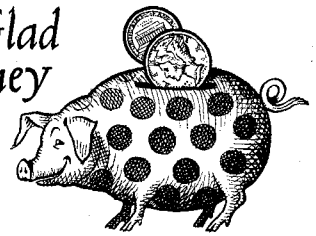
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terms with nature and commodities made for daily use. A German critic's description of a work by Kurt Schwitters, a founder of "assembled" art, elucidates with maximum clarity how the embodiment of time in a contemporary work is the artist's means for direct communication with the spectator: "The MERZbau is a three-dimensional assemblage to which new elements were *merz*ed on for sixteen consecutive years until, eventually, it grew upwards through two stories and downward into a cellar in Schwitters' house, in the Waldhausenstrasse in Hannover. The important thing is for the spectator to stand 'in' a piece of sculpture." The yellowing and crumbling of newspapers in a collage of Picasso or Schwitters incorporate a rhythm of aging equivalent to the metamorphosis of characters in Proust's "Remembrance of Things Past," which was composed in the same period. Art that deteriorates more or less visibly is the reply of the twentieth-century mind to the fixated aestheticism of Dorian Gray.

Action Painting, which has usually refrained from attacking the physical integrity of the canvas (though there are notable examples of perishable Action Painting collage by Pollock, de Kooning, and others), has focussed on the inception of the work in opposition to what Klee called the "end product." Its vocabulary tends to describe its creations in terms of their coming into being: expressions that conceive of a painting as "happening" or "being born" or "working itself out" are typical. Some Action painters have apparently concluded that the picture ought to be begun and finished in Poe's half an hour as a guarantee of authentic excitement. The artist is the first spectator and the audience is invited to repeat with him the experience of seeing the work take shape. The French Abstract painter Mathieu actually made painting a picture into a public performance, and analogies have often been drawn between Action Painting and the compositions executed as a spectacle by Zen monks. From Action Painting to "happenings," which carry painting and sculpture over into theatre, took only a single logical step—a final step, by the way, which in art one should always hesitate to take. In the "happening," the art object, Gilson's "physical existence," is abandoned altogether and composition turns literally into an event.

As an art form the happening is superfluous, as are such other coarser manifestations of transience as audience-participation collage and decollage (reassembling torn fragments of posters),

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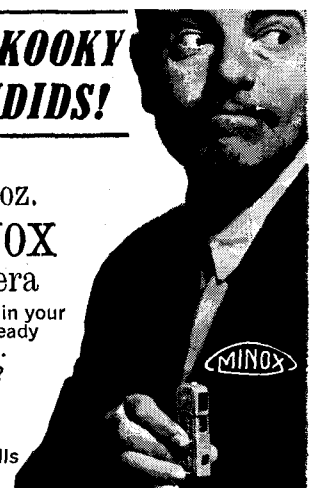


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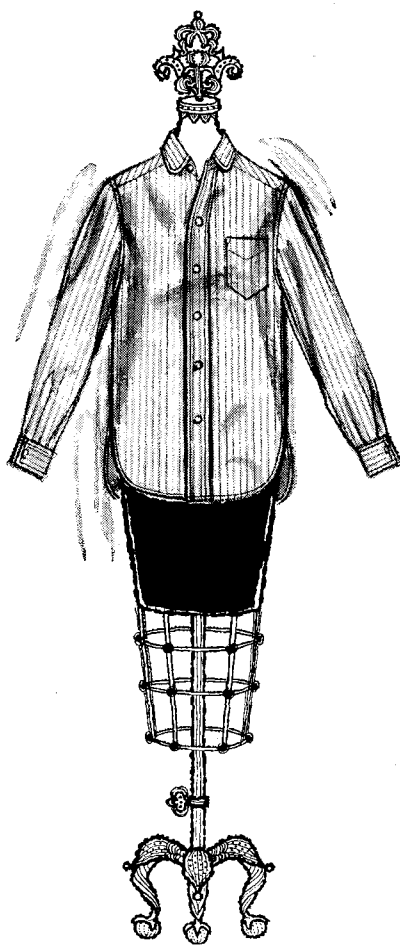
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art controlled by timers or by photo-electric cells, and "making art by eating" (at the Smolin Gallery last May). Today all works of art have become happenings. A Giotto and a Kaprow are events of differing duration in the psyche of individuals and in the history of art. Ontologically a painting may be an immobile object to be contemplated. In this respect, however, there is nothing to differentiate it from any other object, and, as we have seen, it can be made to move and act by "ontologists" of a different persuasion. More relevant to the philosophical definition of art than its inherent spatiality is its function in a given human environment. In terms of what it does, the chief attribute of a work of art in our century is not stillness but circulation. Whether through being moved before multitudes in exhibitions and reproductions or through being made available to multitudes in *their* movements, as in the great museums, it is circulation that secures the importance of paintings in the contemporary world.

Circulating as an event in art history, the painting sheds its materiality; it assumes a spectral other self that is omnipresent in art books, illustrated articles, exhibition catalogues, television, films, and the discourses of art critics and historians. Composed in the first instance of the painter's motions in time, the picture also exists temporally in the frequency rate of its public appearance. To introduce it into and identify it as part of the cultural system, it must be given an art-historical tag that relates it to paintings of other times. Thus the painting becomes inseparable from language (one of Gilson's temporal media); in actual substance it is a centaur-like being—part words, part art supplies.

IT is inspiring to imagine with Professor Gilson a painting engaged in "the simplest and most primitive of all acts, namely, to be." To witness an en-



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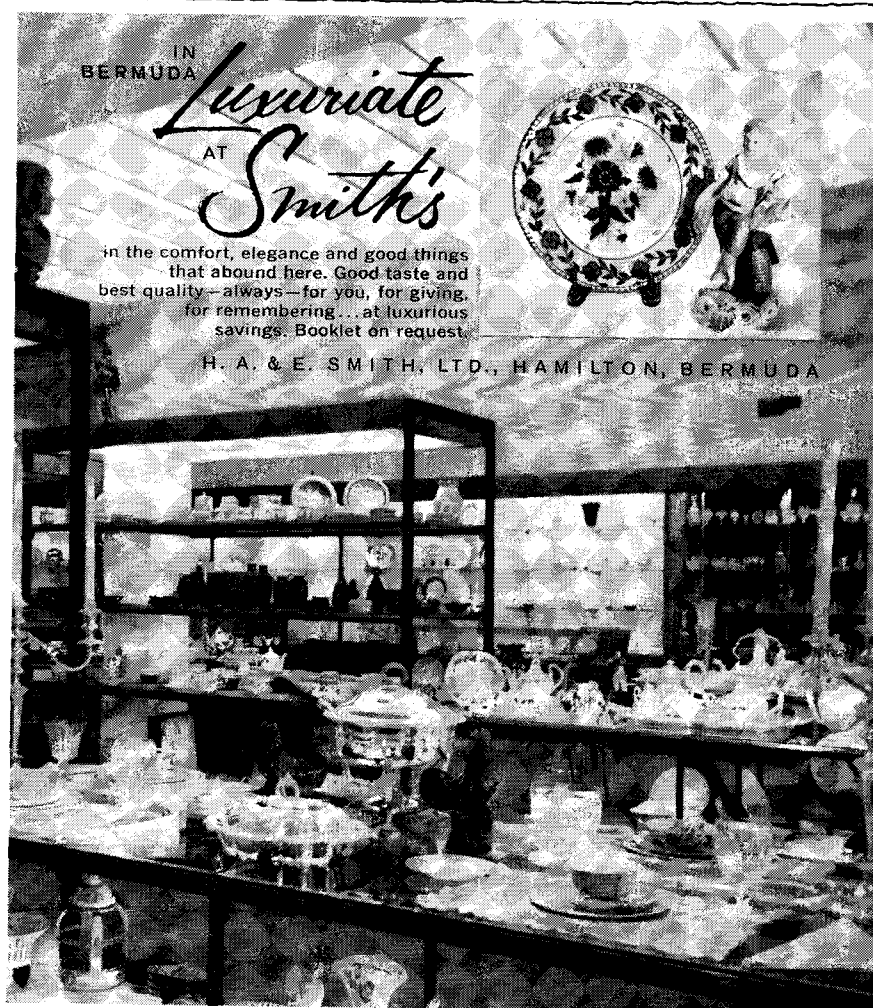
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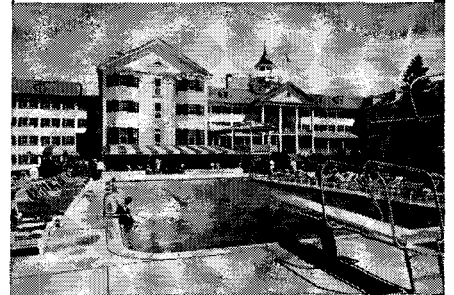
actment of isolated being, however, one would have to seek out a painting hidden from curators and reviewers. Perhaps a little more than other contemporary museums, the Guggenheim has dedicated itself to hooking up its exhibits historically. The catalogue of its recent "Six Painters and the Object" show linked comic-strip and billboard art to Seurat and Léger. Its current "Cézanne and Structure in Modern Painting" exhibition conjoins such widely dispersed contemporaries as Jenkins and Marca-Relli, Ferren and Albers as "heirs of Cézanne" with whom "structure is the guiding principle." In the future, it is promised, van Gogh will be similarly "explored" in relation to twentieth-century Expressionism. It is probably futile to object that these tags interfere with the apprehension of the works shown, and no doubt there are sufficient grounds for connecting Cézanne with "structure" and with the rationale of structure. Yet one would like to see Cézanne associated, for a change (and to help free the physical presence of a Cézanne from its ideological casing), with Expressionism and even (via de Kooning and Hans Hofmann) Action Painting, and to see van Gogh brought forward among painters of "structure" by way, for example, of his color theories. After all, historical continuity depends on the facets chosen for emphasis, and nothing could be more misleading than the easy bifurcation of the history of art into Formalist and Expressionist limbs. It ought no longer be necessary to point out that every valid artist is both—that Kline is a Formalist, Newman an Expressionist, as well as vice versa. Mr. Daniel Robbins, who prepared the commentary on "Cézanne and Structure," strove heroically to elucidate this synthetic character of modern creation; of a work in Albers' "Homage to the Square" series he wrote that the "primary effect is emotional and sometimes closely tied to nature" and, noting qualities in Albers' painting that he calls "baffling," "moving," "equivocal," he concluded that "in terms of the conventional sense of the structural aesthetic, it produces a sense of frustration." Then why include Albers in the theme of "Cézanne and Structure," unless a "conventional" and "frustrating" label is better than no label at all?

Once set in motion, a work survives apart from its corporeal identity. Indeed, in our time the art object tends more and more to dissolve into its reproductions. Exhibited for limited periods, frequently to illustrate a concept, the original painting retires, leaving the image in the catalogue or historical or bio-

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graphical monograph by which it is "placed" and comprehended. Duchamp may be mistaken; perishable materials will very likely not prevent artists from achieving immortality in the chronicles of art. Today, painters are renowned in places where not a single painting of theirs has ever been displayed; why should they not be equally so in areas of time?

Impermanence of the art object has been a weapon of artists against art as a commodity. Today, however, impermanence has become a stylistic device, eagerly appreciated in terms of aesthetic precedents. Refuse, old newspapers, rags—ephemera symbolizing the moment of vision when anything that lies at hand is sufficient for aesthetic excitement—are embalmed in bronze or plastics to insure the works composed of debris against the passage of time. Art cannot transform the conditions of its own existence. The old bohemian slogan of *épater le bourgeois* may prove to have been far easier to realize than exorcising the art historian. The struggle to preserve the direct encounter between the artist and the spectator will, however, no doubt continue by one means or another. Perhaps one should look forward to masterpieces on such themes as "The Abduction from the Studio" and "The Rape of de Kooning's Women."

—HAROLD ROSENBERG

Dr. Tarr related some of the humorous incidents he has encountered during his 34 years in the ministry. He noted that during his 9 years in Middletown he had officiated at 450 funerals.—*Middletown (N.Y.) Times Herald Record*.

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BOOKS

The Second-Oldest Profession

WE rarely arrive at really good solutions to practical problems, but instead make do with the "least lousy alternatives," as someone in the O.P.A. called them. Yet the human heart is optimistic; it believes in happy endings. One thinks of generations of Labour Party members singing William Blake's verses about not ceasing until they had built the new Jerusalem in England's green and pleasant land. (And what it all came down to was nationalizing the coal mines.) Still, it isn't much good arguing with Left illusions, for most of them deal with the future; they are on the order of "Some day my prince will come," and who can say that he will not? Now, Right illusions of happy endings often live in the past, which, on examination, invariably turns out to have been just as horrible as the present. One Right notion is that in the good old days there was no servant problem, that nothing was lacking in the relations between master and man, mistress and maid—responsible affection on one side and competent deference on the other. So it's a pity to have to report that, according to E. S. Turner, an Englishman who has written an entertaining and educational short history, "What the Butler Saw: Two Hundred and Fifty Years of the Servant Problem" (St. Martin's), the servant problem is as old as the human race. Mr. Turner is reporting a problem, not solving it or taking sides. He may be exaggerating its antiquity (when Adam delved and Eve span, who was then a gentleman?), but not by much. In his introduction, Mr. Turner modestly explains that "there is no reason why the account should start in the eighteenth century and no reason why it should not," but there are practical advantages to starting there, apart from the self-evident need to start somewhere. In the eighteenth century, people began to talk and write enough like us to make their household arrangements comprehensible without footnotes. Also, two hundred and fifty years offers some perspective, an opportunity to do what ex-

amination papers used to ask—compare and contrast. The situation in 1700 was tidy, for in Great Britain (where, save for a few excursions to America, Mr. Turner's attention is fixed) it seems that except for farm laborers, gypsies, sailors, and highwaymen, everyone either employed a servant or was one. This arrangement, Mr. Turner remarks, had "descended, little changed, from feudal times. . . . It was all that saved men from starvation and women from prostitution." Early-eighteenth-century England was nothing like feudal England, however, and some of the cries of distress by employers—or by writers, like Defoe and Swift, speaking as employers—were responses to change. The growth of London and the constant improvement in the means of getting there gave rustic squires and their wives chances to visit the city and acquire all sorts of fashionable ideas; these visits gave their domestic staffs the same notions—or, as the historian W. E. H. Lecky, quoted by Turner, explains, the eighteenth-century servant problem was "the natural conse-

quences of luxurious and ostentatious habits [I think Lecky means employers' habits] upon a national character by no means peculiarly adapted to domestic service." Employers, lacking Lecky's long view, knew only that wages were going up and that servants were demanding fashionable tea instead of unstylish beer.

The cliché that change has been especially rapid in our time is repeated so often that one is almost afraid to doubt it. (I suspect, though, that we see remote eras as unchanging only because we know little, and care less, about them.) Still, nobody denies that there was considerable change in the eighteenth century, and one change Mr. Turner mentions continues—the substitution of comfort for splendor and informality for dignity. In the nineteen-sixties, we blame our lax manners on the shortage of servants, and Mr. Turner has an English sociologist's quote on that: "The absence of resident domestic servants may partly account for the decline of formal behaviour in the middle-class home. The need to demonstrate



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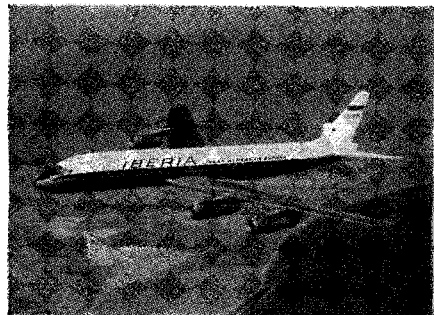
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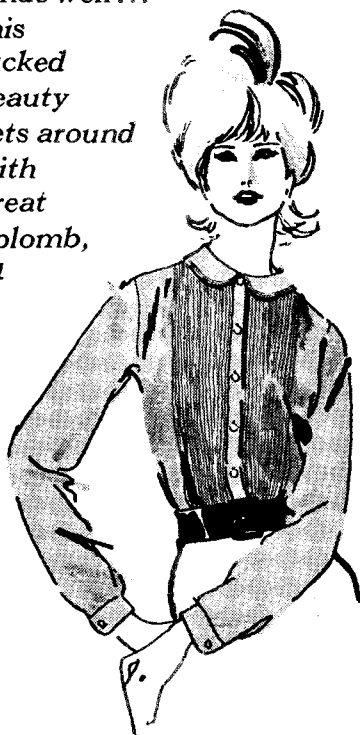
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social differences to inferiors in all matters of domestic life no longer exists." When Turner's book starts, great English landholders had just stopped thinking of themselves as warlords and begun to settle for being Whig peers. They discharged a whole range of servants—chamberlains, masters of the horse—who attended the characters that turn up with reinforcements in Shakespeare's history plays and, apparently without working matters out carefully, rearranged jobs and invented some new ones, but they did not always define what was expected; they confused their servants and of course blamed them. They never thought of blaming themselves; they were certain that their social superiority included superiority of every other kind. "It is monstrous to be told that you have a heart as sinful as the common wretches that crawl on the earth," the Duchess of Buckingham wrote, later in the century, to the Methodist Countess of Huntingdon, in response to the Countess's exposition of the doctrines of her new faith. (The Countess, says Turner, employed a footman with a gift for preaching; she subsidized his revival tours when she could spare him from his job.) Nineteenth-century England tried to use religion to keep servants in their places. Mr. Turner quotes from some of the literature addressed to servants, suggesting, among other things, that a hard-working Christian housemaid might, by the force of her example (and her scrubbing), convert a skeptical family. The main message throughout was that a life of service was pleasing to God. Framed Bible texts stressing subordination were hung in kitchens. (Some other Biblical texts, Mr. Turner remarks, were suppressed, including "Six days shalt thou labor..." Domestic workers were sometimes allowed to go to church and sit in segregated pews, but Sunday was not normally a day off. Neither was any other day.) These efforts to convince domestic workers that they were inferior to rather than unluckier than their employers were not really successful. Perhaps the purpose of these strange Bible lessons was to convince the employers that God had ordained their luck, and in that case the attempts show progress, though of an unappealing sort, beyond the views of the Duchess of Buckingham, whose self-assurance needed no divine sanction.

Teasing the English is too easy; the Americans in Mr. Turner's book don't cut an especially glorious figure, either. When the States were English colonies, domestic servants (except slaves) were scarce; most immigrants



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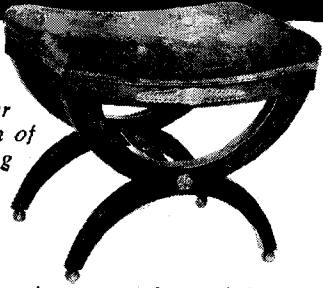
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came here to set up for themselves. Even after independence, there was no free "servant class" and there were very few career servants. Americans did take jobs as houseworkers or coachmen, but they expected to move on to something else when they had saved money. (Wages here were higher.) Turner says that English servants had the same ambition, but that only those at the very top of the hierarchy—bottlers, cooks, housekeepers—had a chance to acquire enough skills and to put by enough money to strike out on their own. Some actually did: Claridge's Hotel was founded by a butler who married a housekeeper. At any rate, in the first half of the nineteenth century, when visiting Europeans came over to inspect our brand-new democratic country, some were delighted and some were appalled by the sturdy independence of the Americans who waited on them. Mrs. Trollope, naturally, was among the appalled. Turner quotes some of her experiences, and it does seem as if her maids took advantage of her, but then she always sounds like that bossy Englishwoman who puts Americans' backs up. After the Civil War, very rich Americans began to hanker for immense, wasteful, snobbish establishments like the English ones, and they imported English butlers and footmen to staff them. The moderately rich hired immigrants and settled down to talk over the servant problem. The notion that sturdy independence and ambition were desirable characteristics for all our inhabitants, including those with their first papers, disappeared along the way. New York employers' voices started to whine in concert with London employers' voices about the impudence, extravagance, incompetence, and unreliability of help. Mr. Turner makes excellent use of quotations, and in his pages you really do hear two hundred and fifty years of well-off people pitying themselves. The effect is funny; the lesson about silence being golden is implicit.

Mr. Turner says that during the eighteen-eighties English households began to be aware of a shortage of women willing to enter domestic service. Alternative kinds of employment had begun to open up—factory wages had risen, office jobs were available—and yet employers of domestic help refused to improve their standard terms of overwork, discomfort, and low pay. He thinks it was not until the nineteen-twenties that English wages for household workers, no matter how skilled, matched those for unskilled factory workers, as they have, more or less, ever



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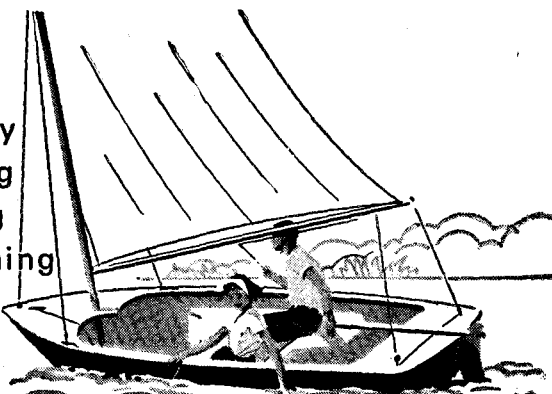
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since. I don't know why he considers (as he apparently does) that this equalized matters, for the question of skill, as he himself has pointed out, has always been crucial. He has found in his researches an estimate that, in the eighteenth century, two thousand footmen were unemployed at any time in London, and that by 1800 ten thousand servants of all sorts were looking for work there, yet a *good* cook, housemaid, or footman could instantly find a job. Domestic skills were rare, even among domestics. So it hardly seems a matter for self-congratulation that in Great Britain (and here, too) employers are approximating unskilled-work wages for skilled household workers.

As he nears the present, Mr. Turner (mistakenly, I think, on his own evidence) takes it for granted that household workers have got the upper hand of their employers in some stunning, or comic, reversal of the natural order. He quotes an English etiquette book that tells its readers to suggest rather than order that, say, a room be cleaned. No doubt this is a change from 1700, but then, in 1963, who takes orders? Members of the armed forces. And Mr. Turner adds, as a sign of the new servility of the formerly served, that many suburban American women drive their daily help to and from work. That's not the servant problem, though; that's the crisis of public transportation.

Although our houses are simpler than many at the beginning of Mr. Turner's tale (some of those had more than sixty hearths to be fuelled and swept every day), lots of people need household help—old people, sick people, people who work, women with a superabundance of very young children. Yet when Mr. Turner lists the drawbacks inherent in domestic work—loneliness, lack of privacy, lack of free time—one wonders not that servants are scarce but why there are any at all. Another persistent drawback—Mr. Turner makes much of it in writing about past centuries but seems to forget it in writing about the present—is the position of inferiority that goes with being a domestic worker. Americans, he says, have since the early nineteenth century avoided the word "servant" as being too degrading, and I find in an American etiquette book, published in 1948, a prim little essay warning its readers never to call their servants servants. It is a tactical, not an ethical, counsel. The advice that follows takes it for granted that the "staff" will arrive and depart by the back door, and that the "help" will call the reader "Madam," while "Madam" calls the maid "Mary." And it goes on

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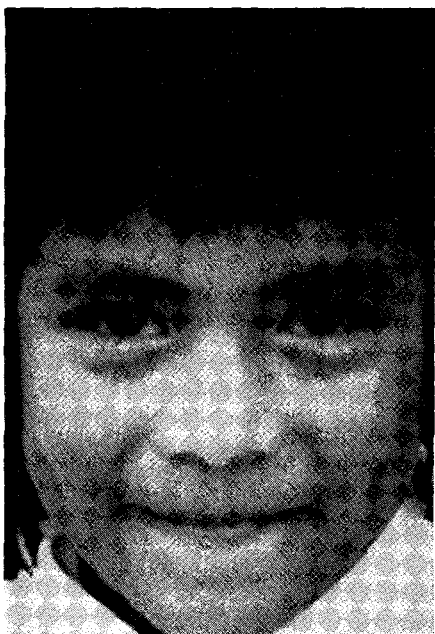
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to suggest that the heavens will fall if Mary, who may be fifty, calls the family's teen-age daughter by her first name without the respectful prefix "Miss." Is it merely another Left illusion that the house might be just as beautifully cleaned if Mary were called "Miss Smith"? It may be a less lousy alternative.

That's the end of my sermon. Mr. Turner means to divert, not to preach, and he does divert. His cast includes a plentiful supply of spunky English-speaking Figaros, and hordes of eighteenth-century footmen whose insistence that guests tip them made dinner with their patrons too expensive for poor poets, and a nineteenth-century housekeeper who amassed a fortune (twenty thousand pounds) by showing the castle to visitors and left it to the family. Even downtrodden slaveys weren't so downtrodden that they never kicked up their heels. Just the same, it's disconcerting to open a book expecting to laugh at the follies of the past and find that they're the follies of the present.

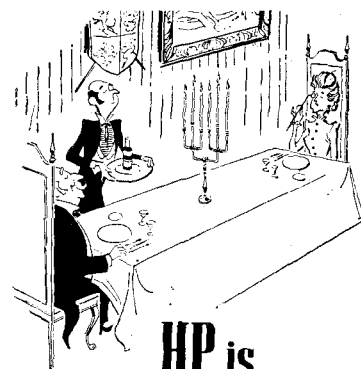
—NAOMI BLIVEN

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

THE OLD MASTERS, by Thomas Baird (Harcourt, Brace & World). An intricately plotted novel about the sale of a big, hitherto unknown Watteau. Mr. Baird's cast is large, lively, and up to date; it includes several millionaires (one Greek), a museum curator as learned in public relations as in art, and a Negro gallery assistant who is a bright young mixture of virtue and non-virtue. If it also includes our old friend, the restorer who forges, Mr. Baird more than makes up for that with his romantic interest, a pair of star-crossed young lovers whose affair blossoms under the direction of their respective analysts. A funny book.

CAT AND MOUSE, by Günter Grass, translated from the German by Ralph Manheim (Harcourt, Brace & World). This novel, by the author of "The Tin Drum," is a little allegory of conformity in Nazi Germany. Joachim Mahlke is set apart from his friends by the extraordinary prominence of his Adam's apple. When a schoolmate cruelly sets a cat upon Mahlke's "mouse," the whole course of the young man's life is changed; he resolves to outdo his contemporaries at all their own games (ultimately, the game of war) so that he may win adornments (ultimately, the Iron Cross) for his neck. Al-



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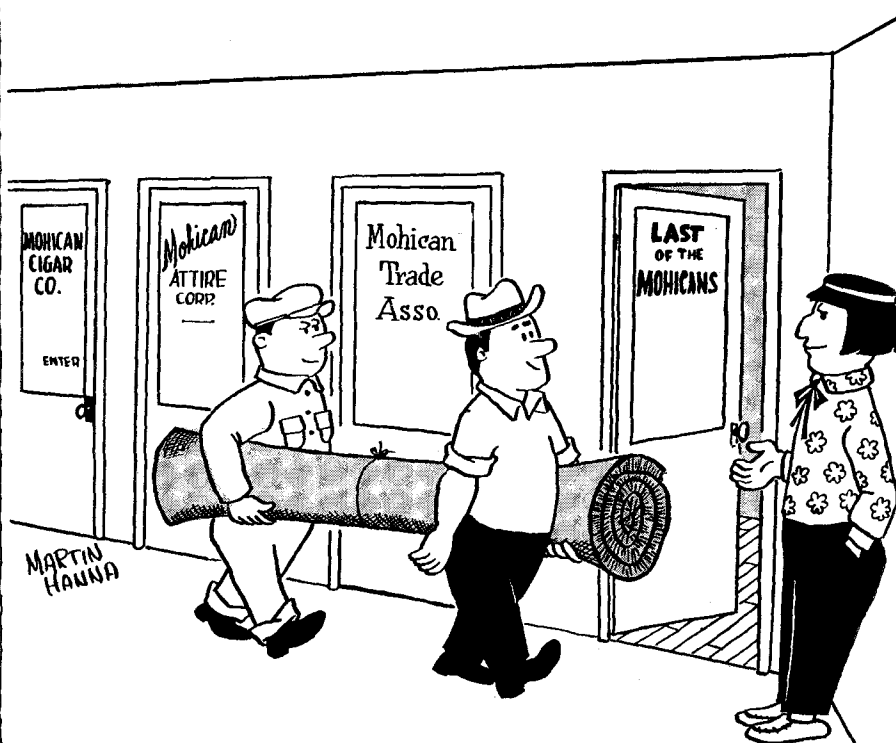
though he succeeds in winning medals, he fails entirely to win the approval of his countrymen; he deserts from the Army and comes to an unknown end. Except for occasional lapses into cuteness (self-conscious speeches to the reader and to Mahlke), Mr. Grass writes very well.

CARAVANS, by James A. Michener (Random House). The hero and narrator of this novel, Mark Miller, a very junior member of the American Embassy in Kabul, Afghanistan, is sent on an expedition to find an American girl who married an Afghan and disappeared. The year is 1946, and the country is scenically glorious, but the people are rather primitive. All the educated Afghans tell Miller that things are going to improve, and when the jeeps break down or the camels rest, the conversation turns to irrigation, polygamy, and whether civilization is worth the effort. En route, Miller has an intense, doomed (what else?) romance with a native girl, and finds the American, who is no good. Thus Mr. Michener accomplishes his mission, which is to supply his readers not with art but with an eighth-grade geography lesson. A Book-of-the-Month Club selection.

A SENSE OF REALITY, by Graham Greene (Viking). One long story and three shorter ones, starring such members of the Greene repertory company as the dreamy child of unimaginative liberals; the lapsed, believing, tortured Catholic; the leper; and the corrupt, unformed representatives of a (presumably) wicked state. The first and longest, a fantasy of a fantasy, has some imaginative originality.

GENERAL

THE ADAMS PAPERS: ADAMS FAMILY CORRESPONDENCE. VOLUME I: DECEMBER 1761-MAY 1776; VOLUME II: JUNE 1776-MARCH 1778, edited by L. H. Butterfield (Harvard University Press). This, the second installment of a huge and welcome publishing project—editing and printing all the Adams papers—includes letters from the friends, relatives, and children of John and Abigail Adams, but it is mainly a long love duet between John and Abigail. The correspondence begins during their courtship (they were married in 1764) and is pretty arch at first. Later, John wrote home when he was away following the Massachusetts courts as a lawyer on circuit, and still later during his long absences when he served



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in the Continental Congress. These letters are direct, even outspoken. They provide enlightening footnotes to great events, first-hand descriptions of famous men, and an abundance of homely details about wartime shortages, prices, and rumors. The anecdotes about the children and the vexations of in-laws are timeless. Most striking, then or now, is the trust, unanimity, and mutual admiration of these two pious, patriotic Yankees. Seventeen dollars and fifty cents for the two volumes.

A LIFE OF ONE'S OWN, by Gerald Brenan (Farrar, Straus). An English writer remembers the first twenty-five years (1894-1919) of his life, during which he was raised by a conventional family who did conventional things (hunting, shooting, visiting) and gave him a conventional upbringing (nannies, governesses, boarding schools)—to each and every aspect of which he responded with such total unconventionality that, at the age of eighteen, rather than go to Sandhurst, he ran away from home, heading for Central Asia with a false mustache for a disguise, sixteen pounds for capital, and a thirty-year-old, parasitic intellectual for company. The First World War gave him something riskier to do; he served for four years, survived, and was decorated. When the book ends, Mr. Brenan is leaving home again, headed this time for Spain. His book holds innumerable artfully drawn, impressively odd characters (including himself) and a first-class record of the experiences of war.

FROM GALILEO TO NEWTON: 1630-1720, by A. Rupert Hall (Harper & Row). Professor Hall's book is part of a series, of which he is the editor, that will trace the rise of modern science from the Greeks to the present day. His beautifully written contribution covers the period from the publication, in 1632, of Galileo's "Dialogues on the Two Chief Systems of the World" to the publication, in 1726, of the final edition of Newton's "Mathematical Principles of Natural Philosophy." The key scientific figure of the time was, of course, Newton, and Professor Hall builds up his narrative to Newton's emergence on the scene. Then, in two wonderful chapters at the end of the book, he describes how Newton swept all of physics and astronomy before him and changed, in a few decades, the course of intellectual history. Oddly, Newton laid the foundations for most of his later work when, as a

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young man of twenty-two, he was forced by the plague of 1665 to leave Cambridge and return home to Lincolnshire to rusticate. While he was there, he invented both the calculus and the law of universal gravitation, to say nothing of his theory of colors. The only comparable burst of creativity in the history of science may have occurred in the year 1905, when Einstein wrote three papers that formed the starting point of much of twentieth-century physics. The Newtonian era was a monumental one in the development of science, and Professor Hall has written an exciting and eloquent book about it.

MY LIFE IN JAZZ, by Max Kaminsky, with V. E. Hughes (Harper & Row). Kaminsky, born of poor Jewish émigrés in Brockton, Massachusetts, in 1908, is a trumpeter of the second rank, and for that reason his book is valuable. For, instead of the Olympian view, Kaminsky gives us shoulder-to-shoulder vignettes of Bix Beiderbecke toward the end of his career (Beiderbecke cared nothing for soap, food, punctuality, or publicity); James P. Johnson; Artie Shaw (an old friend from a similar background who did reach the mountaintop); natty, courtly Bud Freeman; Louis Armstrong; terrible-tempered Tommy Dorsey; an elusive Pee Wee Russell; and mighty Jack Teagarden. Kaminsky makes a good deal of his devotion to his music (society bands have sustained him in lean times), and he comes down monotonously hard on jazz critics, bebop musicians, night-club owners, and promoters. Photographs.

GENERAL GORDON'S KHARTOUM JOURNAL, edited and with an introduction and notes by Lord Elton (Vanguard). A foursquare refutation of Lytton Strachey's libel that Major-General Charles George Gordon (1833-85) fought his fits of depression with brandy. General Gordon had every reason to feel depressed during the last ten months of his life, when he held, almost singlehanded, the crumbling defenses of Khartoum against the hordes of the Moslem Mahdi, but it is simply not possible that anyone could do the work he did, and keep the journal he did, and still find time to drink. For although his journal—or the fragment that has come down to us—runs only from September 10 (when the siege took a turn for the worse) to December 14, 1884 (six weeks before the fall of the city and his death), it totals nearly ninety thousand words. And its

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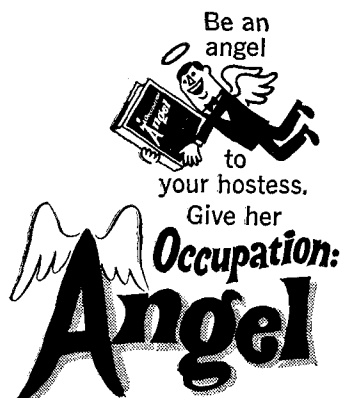
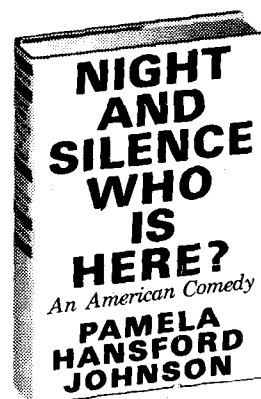
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DISTRACTION

Coleridge was interrupted while writing "Kubla Khan" by "a person from Porlock." When he returned to his desk, his mood and his train of thought were broken, and he never finished the poem.

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character—reportorial, philosophical, political, theological, satirical, and even humorous—is as extraordinary as its length. Illustrated with maps, drawings, and cartoons by the author.

SOON, ONE MORNING: NEW WRITING BY AMERICAN NEGROES, 1940-62, edited by Herbert Hill (Knopf). The editor, a member of the staff of the N.A.A.C.P., begins his introduction with the bold statement that "the greater part of contemporary American Negro writing is characterized by a determination to break through the limits of racial parochialism into the whole range of the modern writer's preoccupations." If this were indeed the case, then it might be argued that to publish an anthology of American Negro writing would be, *ipso facto*, a conspicuous step backward, but the truth of the matter is that Mr. Hill, who happens to be white, has failed to prove his generous point; most of the pieces he has collected demonstrate that the range of the American Negro writer is, quite understandably, narrow. The pieces turn and turn and grind and grind on the same old harsh hub of social and political injustice, and why not? It would be strange indeed if the Negro writing of the past twenty-odd years were all that much detached from the headlines that daily proclaim the conditions under which it was produced. Still, without regard for Mr. Hill's hopes, his anthology is full of good things, many of them seeing the light for the first time. Among the writers on hand are Richard Wright, James Baldwin, Saunders Redding, Langston Hughes, Gwendolyn Brooks, Katherine Dunham, and Ralph Ellison.

Mrs. Adzhubei, wife of Alexis Adzhubei, editor of the Soviet newspaper "Izvestia," made this statement in an exclusive interview with the Information Agency of the Middle East.

When asked if her father in his attitude toward the Cuban crisis was really desirous of peace, she replied:

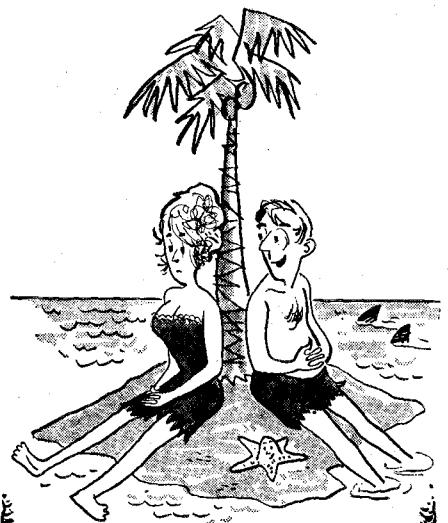
"As in the course of my visits to see the spectre of war forever brandishing the menace of the world exterminations."

—*Djakarta (Indonesia) Daily Mail.*

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